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## TO A POET.

THOU who singest through the earth, —  
All the earth's wild creatures fly thee ;  
Everywhere thou marrest mirth ;  
Dumbly they defy thee, —  
There is something they deny thee.

Pines thy fallen nature ever  
For the unfallen Nature sweet ;  
But she shuns thy long endeavour,  
Though her flowers and wheat  
Throng and press thy pausing feet.

Though thou tame a bird to love thee,  
Press thy face to grass and flowers,  
All these things reserve above thee  
Secrets in the bowers,  
Secrets in the sun and showers.

Sing thy sorrow, sing thy gladness.  
In thy songs must wind and tree  
Bear the fictions of thy sadness,  
Thy humanity, —  
For their truth is not for thee.

Wait, and many a secret nest,  
Many a hoarded winter-store,  
Will be hidden on thy breast ;  
Things thou longest for  
Will not fear or shun thee more.

Thou shalt intimately lie,  
In the roots of flowers that thrust  
Upwards from thee to the sky,  
With no more distrust,  
When they blossom from thy dust.

Silent labours of the rain  
Shall be near thee, reconciled ;  
Little lives of leaves and grain,  
All things shy and wild,  
Tell thee secrets, quiet child.

Earth, set free from thy fair fancies,  
And the Art thou shalt resign,  
Will bring forth her rue and pansies  
Unto more divine  
Thoughts than any thoughts of thine.

Naught will fear thee, humbled creature.  
There will lie thy mortal burden,  
Pressed unto the heart of Nature,  
Songless in a garden,  
With a long embrace of pardon.

Then the truth all creatures tell,  
And God's will Whom thou entreatest  
Shall absorb thee ; there shall dwell  
Silence, the completest  
Of thy poems, last, and sweetest.

Spectator.

A. C. G. THOMPSON.

## TO A KENT WINDMILL:—A CONCEIT.

O WINDMILL on the hill-top ! hadst thou eyes  
To see the sunny land that 'neath thee lies,  
And ears to hear the wind among the trees,  
And heart of joy to feel the stirring breeze

Swinging thy broad arms in the noon-day air,  
O'er these green slopes — hop-yards and or-  
chards fair —

And soul to feel the beauty of the scene, —  
England's green garden, sunlit and serene,  
And golden with the harvest o'er it spread,  
Under the fleecy cloud-land overhead,  
Silvery with noon-day light, moving or still,  
In the great air above this glorious hill ;  
Mute sentinel o'er Kent's far-spreading plain,  
By light or shadow crossed or drifting rain ;  
Oh, hadst thou eyes to see, thou windmill  
strong,

And ears to hear the wild winds and the song  
Of thrush and lark, and cawing rooks on  
high, —

Those circling arms, I know, would faster fly,  
And swiftly make a star upon the hill  
By their great spinning circle's speed, until  
They broke away from thy huge corporal form,  
Carried aloft in rapture — 'neath a storm  
Of whirling wind — far from this summit  
green,

Scene of thy toil, into the heav'n's serene ;  
Not without trembling of the earth in fright  
At her strange loss and thy entranc'd delight,  
As, soaring up into the finer air,  
Thy bright'ning form would shine a planet  
there.

Spectator.

J. H. H.

## A PROTEST.

WHY press we so against the door that Fate  
Has barred upon our hearts' desire ?  
Why hold our lives bereft and desolate  
Because God writes their almanac in fire ?  
Why should we sadden with dark clouded  
skies,

When others make a ladder of their love,  
And while we deem ourselves too weak to rise,  
They've climbed above ?

Why sit and dream in Spring's sweet labour  
time  
Unreal dreams, whose sadness makes them  
sweet,

And, since we mar and break our life's full  
prime,  
Deem that we rest contented at God's feet ?  
Why cry to heaven for lost and broken hours,  
For faith and hope that faded long ago,  
When still within our hearts new fruitful  
powers

Are budding now ?

O eyes, turned inward on our darkened hearts,  
Open to see God's beauty on the earth,  
Self-pitying tears that flow upon his smarts  
Fructify all our barrenness and dearth ;  
O folded hands, close claspt in dull despair,  
Grow busy with God's work of love and  
peace ;

O heart, forget to grieve, and rise to where  
Misgivings cease.

Sunday Magazine.

CAROLINE NORTH.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

## WHO WROTE "SHAKSPERE"?

THE late Lord Palmerston maintained that the Plays of Shakspeare were written by Lord Verulam, who passed them off under the name of an actor, for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity.

"There," observed his Lordship (see *Fraser's Magazine*, November 1865) to a company of friends at "Broadlands," "read that ('Bacon and Shakespeare,' by W. H. Smith), and you will come over to my opinion." When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked, "Oh, those fellows always stand up for one another; or he may have been deceived like the rest." During the past eight years evidences of Lord Palmerston's theory have been accumulating in skilful hands; but by far the most masterly work upon the subject is that of the Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, Judge, and Professor of Law in Harvard University, Cambridge, U.S.A.

His book — the "Authorship of Shakespeare,"\* an octavo of 600 pages — seeks to ground this belief upon scientific rather than circumstantial evidence, and is logically divided into parts, beginning with the "Preliminaries — Shakespeare and Bacon," which settle, so far as the researches of that day were concerned, their relative lives, education, and occupations. Immediately following are the "Proofs" of the theory, which lead to the next department — "More Direct Proofs." Then succeeds a series of "Models," "Philosophical Evidences," and the "Spiritual Illumination," while the "Conclusion" contains a treatise upon the "Philosopher and Poet."

Such is the skeleton of the production of a subtle intellect, fortified by sound scholarship and unique research among the Baconian and Shaksperian annals. It will be the endeavour of the present critic (not *convert*) so to depict the "extraordinary paradox" in its own full strength, together with a few borrowed

hints which collateral investigation has brought to light since 1867, that the entire theory may reach the public eye.

Under the first head — the "Early Life of Shakspeare" — our author concludes that, beyond that primary instruction which could be obtained at the Free Grammar School at Stratford, in which Latin was taught by one of the masters, it is pretty certain that Shakspeare had no education from public institutions or from private tuition. Such is the view maintained by the mass of the biographers, with the exception of Lord Campbell, Messrs. Rushton, Heard, and others, who would have seven years of the poet's life, after his sudden withdrawal from school at the age of fourteen, devoted to the study of the law; Drs. Bucknill and Stearns, an equal amount of time to the acquiring of the medical art; while Bishop Wordsworth concludes his interesting work with the remark: "Take the entire range of English literature, put together our best authors who have written upon subjects not professedly religious or theological, and we shall not find, I believe, in them *all united* so much evidence of the Bible having been read and used as we have found in Shakespeare *alone*."\*

Indeed, one commentator asserts that volumes may be filled, severally, with proofs of the dramatist's familiarity with husbandry, farming, gardening, and domestic economy; military and nautical affairs, the fine arts, trade, politics, and government; handicraft, horses and field sports, and even the language and arts of thieves and rogues. To which enumeration may be added the exhaustive knowledge of Court etiquette of which the plays give evidence, which would be quite as hazardous for untutored manipulation as matters of the legal profession; as to which Lord Campbell says: "There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our free-masonry." Our author follows the usually received accounts of the father, John Shakspeare, that though he was no doubt a

\* *The Authorship of Shakespeare*. Nathaniel Holmes. Second edition. New York, 1867. Hurd and Houghton.

\* *Shakespeare's Use of the Bible*. Charles Wordsworth. London, 1864. P. 290.

respectable burgher at Stratford, he was certainly so illiterate that he could not write his name, and executed written instruments by making his mark; and that the same was the case with his mother, notwithstanding she was descended of an ancient family of goodly estate. These historical facts are adduced to prove that the boy William could have received no "private tuition" at the parental knee, and that the father bequeathed not so much as a printed page to his son.

The assertion is made that there exists no written compositions of Shakspeare belonging to the time previous to his going to London, and no proof that there ever was any, except a mere tradition of a lampoon upon Sir Thomas Lucy, of which no scrap has been authentically preserved. "The verses which later traditions have attributed to him, whether as fragments of this supposed lampoon, or as epitaphs and epigrams written towards the close of his career, are, as any one may see, but miserable doggerel at the best, and might have been written by the sorriest poetaster." Shakspeare is said, by Rowe and Aubrey, to have made in late life the well-known lines upon John-a-Combe, which effusion the biographers vainly attempt to blot from their memories. Mr. Richard Grant White is constrained to remark: \* "I am inclined to think that he (Shakspeare) did crack this innocent joke upon his friend, using, as he would be likely to use, an old, well-known jest, and giving it a new turn upon the money-lender's name."

Mr. Dowdall, in an existing letter to Edward Southwell, dated April 10, 1692, † remarks that Shakspeare's epitaph was written by the poet himself a little before his death. Furthermore it is mentioned by Mr. Steevens as a singular circumstance that "Shakespeare does not appear to have written any verses on his contemporaries, either in praise of the living, or in honour of the dead." ‡ There are, however, several verses in existence

attributed to Shakspeare which are so unworthy of his exalted muse that Mr. Halliwell considers them as necessarily implying "a deterioration of power for which no one has assigned a sufficient reason." \*

Several of the leading essayists upon Shakspeare are quoted who were unable to find agreement in the accounts of the Poet's strange Bohemian life and the products of his genius, which have become as it were the very spine of modern literature.

The German critic Schlegel, equally amazed at the extent of the knowledge and the depth of the philosophy of these plays of Shakspeare, the author of which he could not but consider as one who had mastered "all the things and relations of this world," does not hesitate to declare the received accounts of his life to be "a mere fabulous story, a blind and extravagant error." . . . Indeed, the bare proposition that this man on his arrival in London, at the age of twenty-three, with only such a history as we possess of his earlier life, education, studies, and pursuits, could have begun almost immediately to produce the matchless works which we know by his name, not merely the most masterly works of art, and as such, in the opinion of eminent critics, surpassing the Greek tragedy itself, but classical poems and plays the most profoundly philosophical in the English language or in any other (for no less a critic than Goethe has awarded this high praise), may justly strike us at the outset as simply preposterous and absurd. "What," exclaims Coleridge at this consequence of the traditional biography, "are we to have miracles in sport? . . . Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" Emerson, no less considering that the *Shakespeare Society* had ascertained that this William Shakespeare was a "good-natured sort of man, a jovial actor, manager, and shareholder, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers," and that he was "a veritable farmer" withal, . . . is apparently obliged to lay down the problem in despair, with the significant confession: "I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man in wide contrast." In like manner Jean Paul Richter "would have him buried, if his life were like his writings, with Pythag-

\* *Memoir of Shakspeare*. R. G. White. Boston, U.S.A., 1865. P. 101.

† *Ibid*. P. 107.

‡ *Shakspeare's Plays*. Johnson, Steevens, Reed. London, 1803. Vol. I. p. 90.

\* *Halliwell's Life of Shakspeare*. London, 1843. P. 270.



oras, Plato, Socrates, and the highest nobility of the human race, in the same best consecrated earth of our globe, God's flower-garden in the deep North." . . . Carlyle, that other master-critic of our time, chewing the cud of "this careless mortal, open to the universe and its influences, not caring strenuously to open himself; who, Prometheus-like, will scale Heaven (if it must be so), and is satisfied if he therewith pay the rent of his London playhouses," as it were, with the imperturbability of Teufelsdröckh himself, simply breaks out at last with the brief exclamation: "An unparalleled mortal."

Our author maintains that it does not appear by any direct proof that the original manuscript of any one of the plays or poems was ever seen, even in the writer's time, in his own handwriting, under such circumstances as to afford any conclusive evidence, however probable, that he was the original author.

I remember (says Ben Jonson) the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writings (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out a line. "We have only to suppose for a moment," observes our author, "that the manuscripts may have been copied by him from some unknown complete and finished originals, which were kept a secret from the world, and this wonder of the players would be at once explained."

Citing the custom of Bacon, Burke, Goethe, Alfieri, Virgil, and others of first writing in brief, then extending, and finally of subjecting the whole to rigid correction, the author remarks:—

Where is the record in all literary history of extended compositions like these dramas having been spun out in this Arachne-like fashion? Common actors might possibly believe, or imagine, that their facetious manager, amidst the daily bustle of the theatre, and in the few hours of leisure which he could snatch from business or from sleep, out of his miraculous invention, and with the inspired pen of born genius, could dash off a *Hamlet* or a *Lear* as easily as twinkle his eye.

He maintains that the judicious judge and critic must rather turn his search to the retired chambers of Gray's Inn, to the Lodge at Twickenham Park, or to the gardens at Gorhambury, where sat brooding in silence and in private the great

soul that had taken "all knowledge for his province."

In the *Returne from Pernassus*, \* 1606, Act V. sc. 1, one *Studioso*, "going aside," says:—

Better it is 'mongst fiddlers to be chiefe,  
Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.

England affordes those glorious vagabonds,  
That carried erst their fardels on their backes,  
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,  
Sooing it in their glaring satten sutes,  
And Pages to attend their Maisterships.

With mouthing words that better wits have  
framed,  
They purchase lands, and now Esquires are  
made.

It is somewhat singular that Shakspeare was the only one of his profession who by pecuniary successes was enabled to purchase lands, and by a grant-of-arms, made to his father in 1599, became himself by its descent an Esquire, 1601.

That Shakspeare was universally reputed to have been the author of the *Sonnets*, and that the fact was never questioned until a recent date, our author admits, though he adduces some evidence tending to show that the contrary was known, or, at least, strongly suspected, by some persons at the time of their publication. Mr. Dyce gives warning that the allusions scattered through the whole series of *Sonnets* are not to be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakspeare, although "one or two of them reflect his genuine feelings." † Mr. Halliwell observes: "It is remarkable that contemporary writers refer to them (the *Sonnets*) much oftener than to the plays." ‡

A writer on this subject in the *Athenæum* (September 13, 1856) remarks:

There is the one great fact to begin with—Shakespeare never claimed the plays as his own. His poems he claimed and his sonnets he claimed; and there is an undoubted difficulty in understanding how a man who cared for *Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis* could be

\* *The Returne from Pernassus, or The Scourge of Simony. Publickly acted by the Students of Saint John's College in Cambridge.* 1606.

† *Shakespeare's Works.* Rev. A. Dyce. London, 1866. Second edition, Vol. I. pp. 98-9.

‡ *Halliwell's Life.* London, 1848. Pp. 158-9.

negligent about *Hamlet* and *Othello*. Yet Shakespeare was unquestionably indifferent about the dramas which were played in his name at the theatres and at the Court, and died without seeing the most remarkable series of intellectual works that ever issued from the brain of man set in the custody of type.

At a later stage the author explains *in extenso* his views for maintaining that *Lucrece* and *Venus and Adonis* were dedicated to Southampton, under the name of Shakspeare, as an arranged and designed cover for the real author.

The argument for the learning and philosophic attainments of Shakespeare must depend upon the internal evidence contained in the writings themselves, not only unsupported in any adequate manner, but for the most part absolutely contradicted by the known facts of his personal history.

Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, after laborious research, undertook to produce a list of the translations of ancient authors known to have existed in the English tongue in the time of Shakspeare, as a source of all his classical erudition —

But it falls far short of furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the matter, in our day, and in the face of numerous instances to the contrary, scarcely less decisive than this one, that the *Timon of Athens* turns out to have been founded in great part upon the untranslated Greek of Lucian;\* besides that it is now clear enough to the attentive student, that this author drew materials, ideas, and even expressions from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides and even Plato, no less than from the Latin of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, and Tacitus . . . apparently with the utmost indifference to the question whether they had ever been translated into English or not.

Indeed, Rowe found traces in Shakspeare of the *Electra* of Sophocles; Colman, of Ovid; Pope, of Dares Phrygius, and other Greek authors; Farmer, of Horace and Virgil; Malone, of Lucretius, Statius, Catullus, Seneca, Sophocles, and Euripides; Steevens, of Plautus; Knight, of the *Antigone* of Sophocles; and White of the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

Mr. Colman notes the fact as quite certain that the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* had at least read Ovid, from whose *Epistles* we find these lines: —

Hæc ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

In the same tract occurs Ben Jonson's celebrated charge of Shakspeare's "small

Latin and less Greek" as seeming absolutely to

decide that he had *some* knowledge of both; and if we may judge from our own time a man who has any Greek is seldom without a very competent share of Latin.\*

On the other hand, Mr. Dyce remarks: —

I believe, however, Jonson's meaning to be — that to his comparatively slender knowledge of Latin, Shakspeare never added any acquaintance with the Greek; and such I am persuaded was the case.†

The *Comedy of Errors* was little more than a reproduction, in a different dress, of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, also an author frequently quoted by Bacon. The first performance of the play took place during the Christmas revels, 1594, on which occasion it is historically certain that Bacon furnished, at least, a *masque*, and, as our author attempts to prove, this play also; and there was no English translation of the *Menæchmi* before 1595. The *masque* alluded to is described and attributed to Bacon by Mr. Spedding. Ritson maintains that the *Comedy of Errors* was not originally Shakspeare's, but proceeded from some playwright who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without a translation. While Capell very justly remarks: "If the poet had not dipped into Plautus, *surreptus* had never stood in his copy, the translation having no such *agnomen*, but calling one brother simply *Menæchmus*, the other *Sossicles*."

Judge Holmes is of opinion that the author of the pseudo-plays of Shakspeare must have been also conversant with the French and Italian languages. The plots of several of the plays are taken from the stories of Cinthio, Boccaccio, and Belleforest, which "are not known to have been translated into English. He, however, admits that one volume of Painter's translation of the *Histoires Tragiques* and Florio's *Montaigne* were in existence as early as 1603. Of these modern languages Mr. Dyce apprehends that Shakspeare "knew but little," while Mr. Grant White affirms: "Italian and French were not taught, we may be sure, at Stratford Grammar School."‡

The dramatist's medical knowledge is of such profundity, that Dr. Bucknill observes: —

\* Appendix to Colman's Translation of Terence.

† Dyce. Second edition, Vol. I. p. 27.

‡ White's Memoir. P. 21.

\* Knight's Studies of Shakspeare. P. 71. Luc. Opera (ed. Dindorf, Lipsiz, 1858). Vol. I. pp. 30-51.

The immortal dramatist paid an amount of attention to subjects of medical interest scarcely if at all inferior to that which has served as the basis of the learned and ingenious argument, that this intellectual king of men had devoted seven good years of his life to the practice of law.\*

It has been suggested that Shakspeare might have gained his apparently exhaustless knowledge of medicine from his son-in-law, Dr. Hall —

This is indeed possible (replies our author), but it would be a more satisfactory explanation of this special feature in the plays if it did not require us to carry back his medical studies, at least, to the date of *King John*, and almost make them encroach upon those seven good years already demanded for the study of law, especially in the absence of any positive evidence in his personal history that he had ever looked into a book of law or medicine.

Bacon devoted so much attention to medicine, that he gives a general survey of medical learning down to his own time in his *Advancement of Learning*. Dr. Bucknill notices that "there is more of medicine than of law in Bacon's *Essays and Advancement of Learning*."

Our author devotes much space to a scholarly and interesting comparison between the medical views of Shakspeare and those of Bacon, and concludes that the Shaksperian expressions are in exact accordance with the doctrines of Galen, Hippocrates, Rabelais, and others with whose writings Bacon was quite familiar, for he cites and reviews those very authors, with many more. Instances adduced by Dr. Bucknill amount, not merely to evidence, but to proof, that Shakspeare had read widely in medical literature; while the learned physician, commenting upon the dramatist's knowledge of psychology, remarks that "it has been possible to compare his knowledge with the most advanced knowledge of the present day."† And yet no period of Shakspeare's life is known to have been devoted to the study of medicine, and he bequeaths no trace of a library in his will.

He was a lawyer, too! We are assured that his use of legal terms and phrases and his representations of legal proceedings are of such a kind and character that it is apparent at once to the mind of a lawyer that the writer had been educated to that profession.

No acquaintance which William Shakspeare could have had with law, consistently with the known facts of his life, can reasonably account for this striking feature in the plays. It was not to be had in the office of a bailiff, and the considerations referred to by Lord Campbell ought to be taken as satisfactory that he could never have been a regular student at law at Stratford-upon-Avon; especially since his Lordship did not become a convert to this unavoidable and very necessary conclusion of Mr. Collier.

Lord Campbell remarks upon Shakspeare's juridical phrases and forensic allusions: "On the retrospect I am amazed, not only by their number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced;" and he adds: "There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our free-masonry."\*

The Lord Chief Justice thought we might be justified in believing that Shakspeare was a clerk in an attorney's office at Stratford without any direct proof of the fact, mainly relying, with Mr. Collier, upon "the seeming utter impossibility of Shakspeare's having acquired, on any other theory, the wonderful knowledge of law which he undoubtedly displays." Unfortunately, however, for the permanence of this view Lord Campbell, in the *Retrospect* of his work, addresses Mr. Collier in these words:—

Still I warn you that I myself remain rather sceptical. All that I can admit to you is that you may be right. Resuming the judge, however, I must lay down that your opponents are not called upon to prove a negative, and that the *onus probandi* rests upon you. You must likewise remember that you require us implicitly to believe a fact, which, were it true, positive and irrefragable evidence in Shakspeare's own hand-writing might have been forthcoming to establish it. Not having been actually enrolled as an attorney, neither the records of the local court at Stratford, nor the superior courts at Westminster, would present his name, in being concerned in any suits as an attorney; but it might have been reasonably expected that there would have been deeds or wills witnessed by him still extant, and, after a very diligent search, none such can be discovered. Nor can this consideration be disregarded, that between Nash's Epistle in the end of the sixteenth century, and Chalmers' suggestion, nearly two hundred years after, there is no hint by his foes or his friends of Shakspeare's having consumed pens, paper, ink, and pounce in an attorney's office at Stratford.†

\* *Shakspeare's Medical Knowledge*. J. C. Bucknill, M.D. London, 1860.

† *Bucknill's Medical Knowledge of Shakspeare*. P. 8.

\* *Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements*. John Lord Campbell. London, 1859. P. 107.

† *Campbell*. P. 110.

Mr. Rushton, in his work upon the legal acquirements of Shakspeare, after noticing the usually received theory that the poet's knowledge of law was more intuitive than acquired, observes that even if that master-mind could possibly have possessed double the unequalled genius which exalted him so far above the generality of his fellow-creatures, he would not have been able to use and apply law-terms of a purely technical nature in the manner appearing in his compositions without considerable knowledge of that mighty and abstruse science—the law of England.\*

Mr. Grant White exclaims :—

To what, then, must we attribute the fact, that of all the plays that have survived of those written between 1580 and 1620, Shakspeare's are the most noteworthy in this respect? And the significance of this fact is heightened by another—that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination. . . . Legal phrases flow from his pen as a part of his vocabulary, and parcel of his thought.

As the courts of law in Shakspeare's time occupied much more attention than they do now, it has been suggested that it was in attendance upon them that he picked up his legal vocabulary. But this same able commentator considers this supposition as not only failing to account for the poet's peculiar freedom and exactness in the use of the phraseology—it does not even place him in the way of learning those terms his use of which is most remarkable, which are not such as he would have heard at ordinary proceedings at *nisi prius*, but such as refer to the tenure or transfer of real property: "fine and recovery," "statutes merchant," "purchase," "indenture," "tenure," "double voucher," "fee simple," "fee farm," "remainder," "reversion," "forfeiture," and the like.

This conveyancer's jargon (concludes Mr. White) could not have been picked up by hanging round the courts of law in London two hundred and fifty years ago, when suits as to the title of real property were comparatively so rare. And beside, Shakespeare uses his law just as freely in his early plays, written in his first London years, as in those produced at a later period.†

Finally, so accurate and precise is the use of legal parlance by this man, who is not authentically known to have devoted

one isolated moment of his life to the study of law, that Lord Campbell expresses his astonishment and marvels that, "while novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error."\*

In mentioning the contemporaneousness of Shakspeare and Bacon, our author notes that in 1587, when the former is supposed to have come up to London, Bacon has already been called to the Utter Bar, has become a bencher, and sits at the Reader's Table in Gray's Inn. At the Christmas Revels of that year he assists the gentlemen of the Inn in getting up the tragedy of the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, and certain masques for which he writes some additional speeches, while Shakspeare is yet but a mere "servitude" at the Blackfriars Theatre, and still unsuspected of being the author of anything. Thus runs the story of Francis Bacon—in 1589 a Member of Parliament, and making the acquaintance of the theatre-going young lords, Essex, Southampton, Rutland, Montgomery, and the rest; in 1593, still pursuing his studies in his retreats; now presenting the Queen with a *sonnet* composed by himself, "though professing," as he says in parenthesis, "not to be a poet;" and then, by reason of expensive habits, compelled to obtain help from the Lombards and Jews. In 1592, writing to Lord Burghley, Bacon says :—

Again the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me: for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend nor my course to get. . . . And if your Lordship will not carry me on I will not do as Anaxagoras did, who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty; but this I will do; I will sell the inheritance that I have, and purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy and so give over all care of service, and become some sorry book-maker.†

In that very year Robert Greene (*Groat's Worth of Wit*) discovers that a new poet has arisen, who is becoming "the only Shakescene in a countrey." Meanwhile Bacon is embarrassed with duns and Jews' bonds, and is "poor and sickly, working for bread."

The good Lady Ann, his mother, a pious

\* *Shakspeare as a Lawyer*. W. L. Rushton. London, 1858. P. 4.  
† *White's Memoir*. Pp. 46-7.

\* *Campbell*. P. 108.  
† *Spedding's Letters and Life of Bacon*. Vol. I. p. 108.

soul, in creed a Calvinist and in morals a Puritan, begins to observe that Francis "is continually sickly . . . by untimely going to bed and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep." "We only get," observes our author, "an occasional glimpse of his private and secret studies, or of the exigency that made them private."

In 1594, some eight or ten of the earlier plays were already upon the stage, and were generally taken to be the work of Shakspeare, "though none of them had as yet been printed under his name." It is assumed as a remarkable fact, that prior to the year 1598 Shakspeare's name had not appeared on the title-page of any printed play, and that it was only in that year that the quartos bore the titles of the plays as "written," "newly augmented and corrected," or "newly set-forth and over-seen," by W. Shakspeare. Our author observes that down to the year 1598 nothing definite anywhere appears, except the dedications to Southampton and the allusions which followed, on which to base the claim of the authorship of the plays for Shakspeare, beyond the bare fact that the plays were upon the stage in the theatres which he was connected with, and were generally attributed to him; nor does he appear to have declined the honour of their paternity. The fact is by no means to be ignored that several of the plays attributed to the poet during his life are now indisputably proved *not* to be the product of his pen.

Hereupon our author hints at the pith of his theory and offers the view that, on the supposition that these plays came from Gray's Inn, and were the early attempts of a briefless young barrister who did not desire to be known as a writer for the stage, and who meant to "profess not to be a poet," but to whom any "lease of quick revenue" might not be unacceptable and cover some practical necessity—it is not difficult to imagine that this "absolute *Johannes Factotum*" would be just the man to suit his purpose; nor is it necessary to suppose that an express bargain would be struck in terms between them in the first instance, but rather that the arrangement came about gradually in the course of time.

The circumstance is mentioned under which the *Troilus and Cressida* made its first appearance, 1609, as worthy of special note in this connection. The *preface* announces it thus: "A never-writer to an ever-reader. Newes." "A

never writer," notes our author, "must have meant one never known to the public as a writer of plays, and could not well be William Shakespeare himself, who was writing so much for the ever-reading public." This play contains "one of those numerous instances of similarity not to say identity of thought (between the works of Shakspeare and Bacon) which, though not absolutely conclusive in themselves, are nevertheless, scarcely less convincing than the most direct evidence when considered with all the rest." In the *Advancement*, treating of moral culture, Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying that "young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy," because "they are not settled from the boiling heat of their affections, nor attempered with time and experience." In the *Troilus and Cressida* we have the same thing in these words:—

Not so much

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distempered blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong.

Mr. Spedding remarks that Aristotle speaks only of "political philosophy," and that the error of Bacon is followed by Shakspeare. This instance may have been the fruit of plagiarism, but our author urges that the whole tenor of the argument in the play is so exactly in keeping with Bacon's manner of dealing with the subject, that it is hard to believe a mere plagiarist would have followed him so profoundly. At a later stage of the work are given many hundred parallelisms of word and thought between the works of these great contemporaries, who never, by briefest hint, gave indication that either was cognisant of the existence of the other, which singularity urged the writer in the *Athenæum*, quoted above, to remark:

Bacon was rather fond of speaking of his great contemporaries, of quoting their wit and recording their sayings. In his *Apophthegms* we find nearly all that is known about Raleigh's power of repartee. How came such a gatherer of wit, humours, and characters to ignore the greatest man living? Had he a reason for his omission? It were idle to assume that Bacon failed to see the greatness of *Lear* and *Macbeth*. There must have been some reason for this silence.

One singular instance of parallelism occurs in Bacon's *Essay on Gardens*, and



the *Winter's Tale*. Bacon maintained that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year; in which severally things of beauty may be in their season;" and he proceeds to name the flowers proper to each month and season. "Now," remarks our author, "the flowers named in the *Cottage Scene* of the fourth act of the *Winter's Tale* appear to have been drawn from one and the same calendar, and in about the same order as those of the essay." As thus, in the essay:—

For December and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter . . . rosemary . . . lavender . . . marjoram.

Perdita (in the play):—

Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long.

The Essay:—

Primroses; for March, there come violets, especially the single blue—the yellow daffodil; in April follow the double white violet—the cowslip; flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures—the pale daffodil.

Perdita:—

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets  
dim, . . .

. . . pale primroses; . . . bold oxlips, and  
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one!

The essay:—

In May and June come pinks of all sorts;  
the French marigold; lavender in flowers; in  
July come gilliflowers of all varieties.

Perdita:—

Sir, the year growing ancient,—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'  
th' season

Are our carnations and streaked gilliflowers;  
Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun:  
. . . these are flowers  
Of middle summer.

Mr. Spedding notices these resemblances, and observes that if this essay had been contained in the earlier edition of Bacon's works, some expressions would have made him suspect that Shakspeare had been reading it. But this particular essay was not printed until 1625, nine years after the death of Shakspeare, which precludes the possibility of the poet having plagiarized. "Nor is it

probable that Bacon would have anything to learn of William Shakespeare concerning the science of gardening." Dr. Bucknill, betrayed into a rhapsody upon the genius of Shakspeare, exclaims:—

Had he not been a poet, might he not have been a philosopher? Some American writer has lately started the idea that the plays of Shakespeare were written by Bacon! Verily were it not for the want of power of imagination and verbal euphony which is displayed in Bacon's *Essays*, one might rather think that they were some of Shakespeare's own rough memoranda on men and motives, which had strayed from his desk.

But Bacon's admirable biographer, Mr. Spedding, maintains that the philosopher was not without the fine phrensy of the poet, and that, if it had taken the ordinary direction, it would have carried him to a place among the great poets. George Darley selected Bacon as a biographical land-mark, "because he is a poetical imagination; because dramatic poets are (or ought to be) philosophers; and because his influence upon our Human Literature has been, through the direction he gave to the world of Thought, far more considerable than palpable."\*

Even Macaulay admitted that the poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind; but, not like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason. Our author makes strong his view of Bacon's talent for poetry by quotations from various masques and sonnets now well authenticated as the work of the philosopher.

Concerning Lord Verulam's *Metrical Version of the Psalms*, which was dedicated to his friend the learned and pious poet, George Herbert, as "the best judge of Divinity and Poesy met," it is very justly observed that it was the solace of his idle hours during a time of impaired health, about a year before his death. In idea and sentiment he was absolutely limited to the original Psalm; nevertheless, in elegance, ease of rhythmic flow, and pathetic sweetness, many passages are not unworthy of Herbert himself.

The researches of Messrs. Spedding and Dixon have brought to light, from the same bundle of the Lambeth MSS. in which were found the speeches for the *Essex Masque*, arranged by Bacon, a paper without date, title, or heading, but which is thought to be of the date of

\* *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*. Darley. London, 1839. P. 17.



*Romeo and Juliet.* Mr. Spedding evidently believes the piece to have been written by Bacon, of which indeed there is scarcely any room for doubt. The important thing to be noted here is, that in it the Baconian prose actually runs into Shaksperian rhymed verse under our very eyes, thus:—"And at last, this present year, out of one of the holiest vaults, was delivered to him an oracle in these words:"—

Seated between the Old World and the New,  
A land there is no other land may touch,  
Where reigns a queen in peace and honour true;

Stories or fables do describe no such.  
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,  
As she, in holding up the world oppress;  
Supplying with her virtue everywhere  
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.  
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,  
And yet she calms them by her majesty:  
No age hath ever wits refined so far,  
And yet she calms them by her policy:  
To her thy son must make his sacrifice,  
If he will have the morning of his eyes.\*

Bacon was earnestly engaged in dramatic entertainments in the same year in which Shakspeare is said to have arrived in London to join the Blackfriars Company, as yet wholly unknown to fame. Our author mentions the fact, that even as late as December 9, 1613, the philosopher of his own motion prepares a masque for his Majesty's entertainment, which, an account says, "will stand him in 2,000*l.*"

It is argued that Bacon's course of life, his years of retirement, under the displeasure of Elizabeth, either in the retreats at Gorhambury and at Twickenham Park, or in town at Gray's Inn and Anthony Bacon's house, was in exact accordance with the chronology of the plays, and might reasonably have afforded the opportunity and incentive for their production. The fond mother, Lady Ann Bacon, on one occasion states that her sons Anthony and Francis are having plays at Anthony's house, "very much to the delight of Essex and his jovial crew," but, as the pious lady fears, "to the peril of her sons' souls;" since plays and novels are burned privately by the bishops, and publicly by the Puritans.

At the time of the Christmas Revels, 1594, Lady Ann writes to Anthony that she "trusts they will not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel;" † but, as our author

observes, Francis takes a leading part in the preparations, writing a masque for one thing. From this date until 1600 the plays are rapidly appearing, while Bacon is still trammelled by pecuniary stringency. At an intermediate period, writing to Essex, he observes: "But even for that point of estate and means, I partly lean to Thales' opinion, that a philosopher may be rich if he will." This must refer to some new source of revenue, as Bacon had not humbled himself to the level of "a sorry book-maker."

In 1607-8 Bacon is engaged upon his *Characters of Julius and Augustus Cæsar*, and by some marvellous accident the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* comes from the hand of Shakspeare very soon after, "as if there were at least 'a semblable coherence' between the two men's spirits." Writing to Sir Tobie Matthew about this time concerning his *Happy Memory* of the late Queen, Bacon says:—"I showed you some model, though at the time me-thought you were as willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* as Queen Elizabeth commended."\*

In the October of 1613 Bacon becomes Attorney-General and the plays cease to appear. Granting Lord Verulam to be the author of the plays, there appears sufficient reason for his cessation of literary exertions when the duties of state were beginning to crowd upon him, when he was no longer vexed with the consideration of a livelihood, and when the ambitious dreams of his youth were upon the eve of realization. But how Shakspeare, then in his forty-ninth year and the zenith of his renown, could have laid down his pen with the last great drama, and never have employed it again save for traditional "doggerel," is an Eleusinian mystery!

There is a circumstance of great singularity which has occasioned much comment, and has been remarked by a commentator upon the life and writings of Bacon.

As the note is well worthy of attention, it had best be given in the full flavour of verbal quotation:—

In Shakespeare's plays there is a dramatic series of historical events from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. But in this series there is one curious unaccounted-for hiatus. "The poet," says Charles Knight, "has not chosen to exhibit the establishment of law and order in the astute government of Henry VII." In Bacon's works there are

\* Masque. *Spedding's Life and Letters*. Vol. I. p. 388.

† *Dixon's Personal History*. P. 63.

\* *Bacon's Works*. Montagu. Vol. XII. p. 93.

sundry fragments of a history of England. They are but mere hints, at once the token that the idea of a history had been present in Lord Bacon's mind, and the evidence that it had not been worked out upon paper—at least in this way. But one reign is not a fragment, it is a history—the *History of Henry VII.*—the missing portion of the dramatic series; and the exhibition of the "establishment of law and order," which the genial editor of Shakespeare sees to be wanting to complete the unity of the dramatic series, is wrought out in Lord Bacon's book. The *History of Henry VII.*, by Bacon, completes the series of Shakespeare histories from Richard II. to Henry VIII. It takes the story up, too, from the very place where, in Shakespeare, it is dropped. *Richard III.* ends with Bosworth Field, with the coronation of Richmond, and the order for the decent interment of the dead. Bacon's history begins with an "After," as if it was a continuation. And so it is—a continuation of the drama, taking up the history "immediately after the victory," as Bacon writes in his second sentence. Not a word about Henry VII. as Earl of Richmond, nothing about the events which preceded the battle of Bosworth—a story without a beginning: the beginning of it is found in the drama.\*

Our author theorizes at great length upon the "reasons for concealment," and decides that with Bacon a desire to rise in the profession of the law or his ambition for high place in the state, the low reputation of the playwright, and the mean estate of all poor poets in that age, and the need of a larger liberty, are of themselves a sufficient explanation of his wish to cover this authorship and to remain a *concealed poet* in his own time. The expression *concealed poet* is borrowed from a letter of Bacon to Master Davis, the distinguished statesman, upon his going to be presented at Court, in which Bacon begs to be recommended to his Majesty, and closes with the remarkable line:—"So desiring you to be good to concealed poets, I continue, etc."†

Bacon's rival, Lord Coke, was not alone among those in high places at that day whose opinion was that play-writers and stage-players were fit subjects for the grand jury as "vagrants," and that "the fatal end of these five is beggary—the alchemist, the monopolist, the concealer, the informer, and the poetaster." The pretext, then, our author urges, for being a playwright in early life would seem to have been for the bettering of his estate, which was indeed meagre; together with

his plan for introducing to a place in his great *Instauration* the poetry of the drama as "a means of development of men's minds."

It is now well established that Ben Jonson was *not* severely critical of the productions of Shakspeare, nor was he as envious of his superiority and fame as early tradition teaches. Indeed, the poet's acquaintance with Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Jonson, who was at that time wholly unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted, and they having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon rejecting it, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it. Perceiving its merit, he at once engaged to read it through, and was afterwards pleased to recommend Jonson and his writings to the public.\* Mr. Grant White is of opinion that Jonson's honest love for Shakspeare may well have had its spring in gratitude for this great service; while Rowe avers—"After this they were professed friends." Such evidence may in part explain the oft-expressed query concerning the improbability of Jonson's relish for the society of Shakspeare, who was so far inferior to him as a scholar and man of letters. According to our author, Ben Jonson must have been aware of the secret understanding between his mutual friends; while much significance is attached to his advice in the folio:—"Reader, looke, not on his picture, but his booke."

Unfortunately for the cause of history, Sir Tobie Matthew became a "pervert" and was banished the country; it has been suggested with much reason that he would doubtless have been to Bacon what Boswell was to Jonson. They were much attached, and during his stay in England Sir Tobie was continually with Bacon. It is recorded as the habit of Bacon to send Sir Tobie his various works as they appeared, and on one or more occasions the philosopher enclosed "a recreation" with the particular work, though what the subjects of these *recreations* might have been does not appear. Sir Tobie generally acknowledged the receipt of such presents, and in one of his letters without date or address occurs the following mysterious phrase:—"I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but measure for measure."†

Hereupon comes up the celebrated

\* *Bacon and Shakespeare.* W. H. Smith. London, 1857. P. 108.

† *Bacon's Works.* Montagu. Vol. XII. p. 114.

\* *Shakspeare's Works.* Johnson, Stevens, Reed. Vol. I. p. 67.

† *Letters.* Sir Tobie Matthew. London, 1660.

*Matthew postscript* which forms one of the leading articles in the Shakspeare argument. It is appended to a letter to Bacon which is without date, but is addressed to the Viscount St. Alban, and must therefore have been written subsequent to the 27th of January, 1621, when his Lordship was invested with that title. The letter appears to be in answer to one from Lord Verulam dated the 9th of April (year not given), accompanying some "great and noble token" of his "Lordship's favour;" which, according to our author, was a newly printed book; "for Bacon, as we know from the Letters, was in the habit of sending to Mr. Matthew a copy of his works as they were published; and much of their correspondence had relation more or less to the books and writings on which Bacon was at the time engaged." The argument runs that the only work published by Bacon between 1620-23 was the *History of Henry VII.*, and it is possible that the "great and noble token," may have referred to this publication.

But at the same time an equal amount of probability rests in favour of the gift having been an early issue of the Shakspeare folio of 1623, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in November of that year; and there is reason to believe it was issued from the press in the spring of the same year, there being a copy now in existence bearing the date of 1622 on the title-page, showing that a part of the edition was actually struck off before the end of 1622.

Nichols informs us that Tobie Matthew resided in London during the years 1621-2, and until the 18th of April, 1623, when he departed for Spain, but returned to England in the October of the same year, and was knighted by the King on the 10th of the month.\* As Sir Tobie had performed in Bacon's masque at Essex's House, as he was the intimate literary companion and had been termed by Bacon his "critical inquisitor," and moreover, as the philosopher observes, in a letter to Cottington—"as true a friend as you or I have"—we shall be prepared, as our author fancies, not to be greatly surprised at the intimation given in this *Postscript* that Sir Tobie knew a secret respecting which he could not forbear to compliment his Lordship on this occasion. The letter reads thus:—

To the Lord Viscount St. Alban.

Most Honored Lord,—I have received your great and noble token and favour of the

9th day of April, and can but return the humblest of my thanks for your Lordship's vouchsafing so to visit this poorest and unworthiest of your servants. It doth me good at heart, that, although I be not where I was in place, yet I am in the fortune of your Lordship's favour if I may call that fortune, which I observe to be so unchangeable. I pray hard that it may once come into my power to serve you for it; and who can tell but that, as *fortis imaginatio generat casum*, so strong desires may do as much? Sure I am that mine are ever waiting on your Lordship; and wishing as much happiness as is due to your incomparable virtue, I humbly do your Lordship reverence.

Your Lordship's most obliged and humble servant,  
TOBIE MATTHEW.

P.S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another.\*

Had the work in question been the *History of Henry VII.* there had been no need of Sir Tobie's allusion to the name of "another," since all the works of Bacon as philosopher, statesman, and prose-writer were published under his own name. "Who else," inquires our author, "but this same Shakspeare could have been considered by Mr. Matthew to be a cover for the most prodigious wit of all England, at that day?"

At this point of the work under criticism the net-work of circumstantial evidence ceases, and the author, opening upon the remaining half of his book with the skill of the scholar and the warmth of the enthusiast, devotes the remaining space to a consideration of Bacon's *Great Instauration* and the examples it presents of parallelisms in thought and diction with the works of Shakspeare. He believes that his ample fund of illustration is sufficient to establish such a correspondence, nay, absolute identity, in the productions of these contemporaries as was never known to exist in the compositions of any two different authors that ever lived.

It is safe to say no such list can be produced from the writings of any two authors of that or any other age: no similarity of life, genius, or studies ever produced an identity like this. And here the vast difference which is known to have existed between these men in respect of their education, studies, and whole personal history would seem to preclude all possibility of mistake. The coincidences are not merely such as might be attributed to the style and usage of that age: they extend to the scope of thought, the particular ideas, the modes of

\* Nichols' *Progress of James I.*

\* Bacon's *Works*. Montagu. Vol. XII. p. 468.



thinking and feeling, the choice of metaphors, the illustrative imagery, and those singular peculiarities, oddities, and quaintnesses of expression and use of words which everywhere, and at all times, mark and distinguish the individual writer.

At a later stage of the book Bacon is portrayed in a strong light, as unique among his countrymen — as one who had sounded the depths and scaled the heights of the higher philosophy.

We know how Bacon attained to these heights; but it is not explained how the unlearned William Shakespeare reached these same "summits" of all philosophy, otherwise than by a suggestion of the "specific gravity" of inborn genius.

Hereupon the work draws to a close, entirely free of bombast or even declamation, while in conclusion the author quotes the words of Coleridge: — "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! What a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was!"

It is odd enough that while Judge Holmes and others are thus doubting whether such marvels of the human intellect as these dramas could possibly be the work of the uneducated actor, William Shakspeare, Herr Benedix and others have with equal assiduity been labouring to show that the dramas in question have been absurdly overrated, and abound, both as stage-plays and as literature, with almost every conceivable fault. Fortunately, "Shakspeare's Works," be they whose and what they may, are likely to continue to be played and read for some time to come, and to afford occupation to many future commentators of all kinds.

J. V. P.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

(CONTINUED.)

ALL this time, however, the woman neither thought of setting herself right by telling him what her mystery was, nor once felt that she was wronging Dick by keeping the secret of his parentage so closely hidden from him. It did not occur to her that by doing this she was doing an injury to her boy. The life of gentlefolks — the luxurious and elegant existence into which her husband had tried to

tame her, a wild creature of the woods — had been nothing but misery to her; and I doubt whether she was capable of realizing that Dick, so different from herself in nature, would have felt differently in respect to those trammels from which she had fled. Had she been able to think, she would have seen how — unconsciously, with the instinct of another race from hers — the boy had been labouring all his life to manufacture for himself such a poor imitation of those trammels as was possible to him; but she was little capable of reasoning, and she did not see it. Besides, he was hers absolutely, and she had a right to him. She had given up the other, recognizing a certain claim of natural justice on the part of the father of her children; but in so doing she had gone as far as nature could go, giving up half, with a rending of her heart which had never healed; but no principle of which she had ever heard called upon her to give up the whole. The very fact of having made a sacrifice of one seemed to enhance and secure her possession of the other — and how could she do better for Dick than she had done for herself? But this question had not even arisen in her mind as yet. She feared that *they* had hidden emissaries, who, if they found her out, might take her remaining child from her; but that he was anyhow wronged by her silence, or had any personal rights in the matter, had not yet entered into her brooding, slowly working, confused, and inarticulate soul.

In one other house besides, Val and his concerns were productive of some little tumult of feeling — not the least important of the many eddies with which his stream of life was involved. Mr. Pringle was almost as much excited about the approaching conflict as Lord Eskside. He saw in it opportunities for carrying out his own scheme, which he called exposure of fraud, but which to others much more resembled the vengeance of a disappointed man. He was the bosom friend of the eminent lawyer who meant to contest Eskside in the Liberal interest, and had no small share in influencing him to this step. His own acquaintance with the county, in the position of Lord Eskside's heir-presumptive in past days, had given him considerable advantages and much information which a stranger could not easily command; and with silent vehemence he prepared himself for the conflict — contemplating one supreme stroke of revenge — or, as he preferred to think, contemplating a full exposure

to the world of the infamous conspiracy against his rights and those of his children, from which the county also was now about to suffer. He did not speak freely to his family of these intentions, for neither his wife nor his children were in harmony with him on the subject; but this fact, instead of inducing him to reconsider a matter which appeared to other eyes in so different a light, increased the violence of his feelings, just in proportion to the necessity he felt for concealing them. It was even an additional grievance against Valentine, and the old people who had set Valentine up as their certain successor, that the lad had secured the friendship of his enemy's own family. Sandy, who was by this time a hard-working young advocate, less fanciful and more certain of success than his father — though a very good son, and very respectful of his parents, had a way of changing the subject when the Esk-side business was spoken of which cut Mr. Pringle to the quick. He could see that his son considered him a kind of monomaniac on this subject; and indeed there was sometimes very serious talk between Sandy and his mother about this *idée fixe* which had taken hold upon the father's mind. But perhaps there was not one of them that had the least idea it would lead to anything painful except poor little Violet, who was very fond of her father, and in whose childish heart Val had established himself so long ago. She alone was certain that her father meant mischief — mischief of a deeper kind than mere opposition to his election, such as Mr. Pringle, as tenant of the Hewan and the land belonging to it, had a right to make if he pleased. Violet watched him with a painful mixture of dread lest her father should take some unworthy step, and dread lest Valentine should be injured, contending in her mind. She could scarcely tell which would have been the most bitter to her; and that these two great and appalling dangers should be combined in one was misery enough to fill her young soul with the heaviest shadows. This she had to keep to herself, which was still harder to bear, though very usual in the troubles of youth. Everything which concerns an unrevealed and nascent love, — its terrors, which turn the very soul pale; its partings, which press the life out of the heart; its sickness of suspense and waiting, — must not the maiden keep all these anguishes locked up in her heart,

until the moment when they are over, and when full declaration and consent make an end at once of the mystery and the misery? This training most people go through, more or less; but the trial is so much harder upon the little blossoming woman that the dawning of the inclination, which she has never been asked for, is a shame to her, which they are not to her lover. Violet did not venture to say a word even to her mother of her wish to be at the Hewan while Val was there — of her sick disappointment when she found he had gone away without a chance of saying good-bye; and though she did venture to whisper her fears lest papa might "say something to hurt poor Val's feelings," which was a very mild way of putting it — she got little comfort out of this suppressed confidence. "I am afraid he will," Mrs. Pringle said. "Indeed, the mere fact that your papa is Mr. Seisin's chief friend and right-hand man, will hurt Val's feelings. I am very sorry, and I think it very injudicious; for why should we put ourselves in opposition to the Eskside family? but it cannot be helped, and your papa must take his way."

"Perhaps if you were to speak to him," said Vi, with youthful confidence in a process, than which she herself knew nothing more impressive, and even terrible on occasion.

"Speak to him!" said Mrs. Pringle; "if you had been married to him as long as I have, my dear, you would know how much good speaking to him does. Not that your papa is a bit worse than any other man."

With this very unsatisfactory conclusion poor Violet had to be satisfied. But she watched her father as no one else did, fearing more than any one else. Her gentle little artifices, in which the child at first trusted much, of saying something pleasant of Val when she had an opportunity — vaunting his fondness for the boys, his care of herself (in any other case the strongest of recommendations to her father's friendship), his respect for Mr. Pringle's opinions, his admiration of the Hewan — had, she soon perceived, to her sore disappointment, rather an aggravating than a soothing effect. "For heaven's sake, let me hear no more of that lad! I am getting to hate the very sound of his name," her father said; and poor Violet would stop short, with tears springing to her eyes.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

VALENTINE went off gaily upon his journey, without any thought of the tragic elements he had left behind him. I think, had Dick been still at the rafts at Eton, his young patron would have proposed to him to accompany him to Italy in that curious relationship which exists in the novel and drama, and could perhaps exist in former generations, but not now, among men — as romantic humble servant and companion. But Dick was grown too important a man to make any such proposal possible. Valentine dallied a little in Paris, which he saw for the first time, and made his way in leisurely manner across France, and along the beautiful Corniche road, as people used to do in the days before railways were at all general, or the Mont Cenis tunnel had been thought of. He met, I need not add, friends at every corner — old "Eton fellows," comrades from Oxford, crowds of acquaintances of his own class and kind — a peculiarity of the present age which is often very pleasant for the traveller, but altogether destroys the strangeness, the novelty, the characteristic charm, of a journey through a foreign country. A solid piece of England moving about over the Southern landscape could not be more alien to the soil on which it found itself than were those English caravans in which the young men travelled; talking of cricket if they were given that way — of hits to leg, and so many runs off one bat; or, if they were boating men, of the last race, or what happened at Putney or at Henley — while the loveliest scenes in the world flew past their carriage-windows like a panorama. I think Mr. Evelyn saw a great deal more of foreign countries when he made the grand tour; and even Val, though he was not very learned in the jargon of the picturesque, got tired of those endless *réchauffés* of stale games and pleasures. He got to Florence about a fortnight after he left England, and made his way at once to the steep old Tuscan palace, with deeply corniced roof and monotonous gloom of aspect, which stood in one of the smaller streets opening into the Via Maggio on the wrong side of the river. The wrong side — but yet the Pitti palace is there, and certain diplomatists preferred that regal neighbourhood. Val found a servant, a bland and splendid Italian majordomo, waiting for him when he arrived, but not his father, as he had half hoped; and

even when they reached the great gloomy house, he was received by servants only — rather a dismal welcome to the English lad. They led him through an endless suite of rooms, half lighted, softly carpeted, full of beautiful things which he remarked vaguely in passing, to an inner sanctuary, where his father lay upon a sofa with a luxurious writing-table by his side. Richard Ross sprang up when he heard his son announced, and came forward holding out his hand. He even touched Valentine's face with his own, first one cheek, then the other, — a salutation which embarrassed Val beyond measure; and then he bade him welcome in set but not unkindly terms, and began to ask him about his journey, and how he had left "everybody at home."

This was only the third time that Val had seen his father, and Richard was now a man approaching fifty, and considerably changed from the elegant, still young diplomatist, who had surveyed with so little favour fourteen years ago the boy brought back to him out of the unknown. Richard's first sensation now on seeing his son was one of quick repugnance. He was so like — the vagrant woman against whom Mr. Ross was bitter as having destroyed his life. But he was too wise to allow any such feeling to show, and indeed did his best to make the boy at home and comfortable. He asked him about his studies, and received Val's half mournful confession of not having perhaps worked so well as he might have done, with an indulgent smile. "It was not much to be expected," he said; "lads like you, with no particular motive for work, seldom do exert themselves. But I heard you had gained reputation in a still more popular way," he added; and spoke of the boat-race, etc., in a way which made Val deeply ashamed of that triumph, though up to this moment he had been disposed to think it the crowning triumph of his life. "You were quite right to go in for it, if your inclination lies that way," said his bland father. "It is as good a way as another of getting a start in society." And he gave Val a list of "who" was in Florence, according to the usage established on such occasions. He even took the trouble of going himself to show him his room, which was a magnificent chamber, with frescoed walls and gilded ceilings, grand enough for a prince's reception-room, Val thought; and told him the hours of meals, and the arrangements of the household generally. "My house is entirely an Italian one,"



he said, "but two or three of the people speak French. I hope you know enough of that language at least to get on easily. Your own servant, of course, will be totally helpless, but I will speak to Domenico to look after him. If you know anything at all of Italian, you should speak it," he added, suavely; "you will find it the greatest help to you in your reading hereafter. Now I will leave you to rest after your long journey, and we shall meet at dinner," said the politest of fathers. Val sat staring before him half stupefied when he found himself left alone in the beautiful room. This was not the kind of way in which a son just arrived would be treated at Eskside. How much he always had to explain to his grandmother, to tell her of, to hear about! What a breathless happy day the first day at home always was, so full of talk, news, consultations, interchange of the family nothings that are nothing, yet so sweet! Val's journey had only been from Leghorn, no farther, so he was not in the least fatigued; and why he should be shut up here in his room to rest he had not a notion, any desire to rest being far from his thoughts. After a while he got up and examined the room, which was full of handsome old furniture. How he wished Dick had been with him, who would have enjoyed all those cabinets, and followed every line of the carvings with interest! Valentine himself cared little for such splendours. And finally he went out, and found as usual a school-fellow round the first corner, and marched about the strange beautiful place till it was time for dinner, and felt himself again.

It was very strange, however, to English — or rather Scotch — Valentine, to find himself in this Italian house, with a man so polished, so cultivated, so exotic as his father for his sole companion. Not that they saw very much of each other. They met at the twelve o'clock breakfast, where every dish was new to Val, for the *ménage* was thoroughly Italian; and at dinner on the days when Richard dined at home. Sometimes he took his handsome boy with him to great Italian houses, where, in the flutter of rapid conversation which he could not follow, poor Val found himself hopelessly left out, and looked as *gauche* and unhappy as any traditinary lout of his age; and sometimes Val himself would join an English party, at a hotel, where the hits to leg and the Ladies' Challenge Cup would again be the chief subjects of con-

versation; if not (which was still more dreary) the ladies' eager comparing of notes over Lady Southsea's garden party, or that charming Lady Mary Northwood's afternoon teas. On the whole, Val felt that his father's banquets were best adapted to the locality; and when a lovely princess, with jewels as old as her name and as bright as her eyes, condescended to put up with his indifferent French, the young man was considerably elated, and proud of his father and his father's society — as, when the same fair lady congratulated Richard upon the *beaux yeux of Monsieur son fils*, his father was of him.

One of the rare evenings which they spent together, Val informed his father of Lord Eskside's eager preparations for the ensuing election, and of the place he was himself destined to take in the eyes of his county and country. Richard Ross did not receive this information as his son expected. His face grew immediately overcast.

"I wonder my father is so obstinate about this," he said. "He knows my feeling on the subject. It is the most terrible ordeal a man can be subjected to. I wish you had let me know, all of you, before making up your minds to this very foolish proceeding. Parliament! — what should you want with Parliament at your age?"

"Not much," said Val, somewhat uneasy to hear his grandfather attacked by his father, and a little dubious whether it became him to take the old man's side so warmly as he wished; "but I hope I shall do my duty as well as another," he said, with a little modest pride, "though I have still everything to learn."

"Do your duty! stuff and nonsense," said Richard; "what does a lad of your age know about duty? Please your grandfather, you mean."

Val felt the warm blood mounting to his face, and bit his lip to keep himself down. "And if it was so, sir," he said, his eyes blazing in spite of himself, "there might be worse things to do."

Richard stopped short suddenly and looked at him — not at his face, but into his eyes, which is of all things in the world the most trying to a person of hot temper. "Ha!" he said, with a soft smile, raising his eyebrows a little in gentle surprise, "you have a temper, I see! how is it I never found that out before?"

Val dug his heels into the rich old Turkey carpet; he pressed his nails into

his flesh, wounding himself to keep himself still. One glance he gave at the perfect calm of his father's face, then cast down his eyes that he might not see it. Richard looked at him with amused calculation, as if measuring his forces, then waited, evidently expecting an outburst. When none came, he said with that precise and nicely modulated voice, every tone of which ministers occasions of madness to the impatient mind —

"Of course, with that face you must have a temper; I should have seen it at the first glance. But you have learnt to restrain it, I perceive. I congratulate you — it augurs well for your success in life."

Then he fell back quite naturally into the previous subject, changing his tone in a moment to one of polite and perfect ease.

"I am sorry, as I said before, that my father is so obstinate. Why doesn't he put in some squire or other whom he might influence as much as he pleases? But you; I tell you there isn't such an ordeal in existence. Everything a man has ever done is raked up."

"They may rake up as much as they please," said Val, with a violent effort, determined not to be outdone by his father in power of self-control. His voice, however, was unsteady, and so was the laugh which he forced. "They may rake up as much as they please; I don't think they can make much of that, so far as I am concerned."

"So far as you are concerned!" repeated Richard, impatiently. "Why, if your grandaunt made a *faux pas* a hundred years ago, it would be brought up against you. You! It was not robbing of orchards I was thinking of. My father is very foolish; and it is wilful folly, for I told him my sentiments on the subject."

"I wish, sir, if it was the same to you, you would remember that my grandfather — is my grandfather," said Val, not raising his eyes.

"Oh, very well. He is not my grandfather, you see, and that makes me, perhaps, less respectful," said Richard. "You have taken away my comfort with this news of yours, and it is hard if I may not abuse somebody. Do you know what an election is? If your great-grandaunt, as I said, ever made a *faux pas* —"

"I don't suppose she did," said Val. "Why should we be troubled about the reputation of people who live only in the

picture-gallery? I am not afraid of my grandaunt."

"It is because you do not know," said Richard, with a sigh. "Write to your grandfather, and persuade him to give it up. It is infinitely annoying to me. Tell him so. I shall not have a peaceful moment till it is over. One's whole history and antecedents delivered up to the gossip of a vulgar crowd! I think my father must have taken leave of his wits."

And he began to pace about the great dimly-lighted room in evident perturbation. The rooms in the Palazzo Grazioli were all dimly lighted. A few softly burning lamps, shaded with delicate *abat-jours*, gave here and there a silvery glimmer in the midst of the richly-coloured and balmy darkness — just enough to let you see here a picture, there a bit of tapestry, an exquisite cabinet, or some priceless "bit" of the sumptuous furniture which belongs of right to such houses. Richard's slight figure moving up and down in this lordly place, with impatient movements, disturbed its calm like a pale ghost of passions past.

"Every particular of one's life!" he continued. "I told him so. It is all very well for men who have never stirred from home. If you want to save us all a great deal of annoyance, and yourself a great many stings and wounds, write to your grandfather, and beseech him to give it up."

"I will tell him that you wish it, sir," said Val, hesitating; "but I cannot say that I do myself, or that I distrust his judgment. Will you tell me what wounds I have to fear should they bring up all my antecedents — every particular of one's life?"

Richard eyed his son from the shade in which he stood. Val's face was in the full light. It was pale, with a certain set determination about the mouth, on which there hovered a somewhat unsteady smile. He paused a moment, wondering how to reply. A dim room is an admirable field for deliberation, with one face in the shade and the other in the light. Should he settle the subject with a high hand, and put the young man summarily down? Should he yield? He did neither. He altered his voice again with the consummate skill of a man trained to rule his froward sentiments, and knowing every possible way of doing so. He laughed softly as he ran up to the table, throwing off his impatience as if it had been a cloak.

"A snare! a snare!" he said. "If

you think I am so innocent as to fall into it, or if you hope to see me draw a chair to the table and begin, 'My son, listen to the story of my life,' you are mistaken, Val. I am like most other men. I have done things, and known people whom I should not care to have talked about — and which will be talked about inevitably if you are set up as a candidate for Esk-side. Never mind! I shall have to put up with it, I suppose, since my father has set his heart upon it; but I warn you that it may come harder on you than me; and when I say so I have done. Give me your photographs, and let me look over them — a crowd of your Eton and Oxford friends, I suppose."

Val looked at his father with a question in his eyes, which he tried to put with his lips, and could not. During all these years he had thought little enough of his mother. Now and then the recollection that there was such a person wandering somewhere in the world would come to him at the most unlikely time — in the middle of the night, in the midst of some moment of excitement, rarely when he could make any inquiries about her, even had it been possible for him to utter any inquiries. Now at once these suppressed recollections rushed into his mind. Here was the fountain-head of information; and no doubt the story which he did not know, which no one had ever told him, was *what* his father feared. "Father," he began, his mouth growing dry with excitement, his heart beating so loudly he could scarcely hear himself speak.

Probably Richard divined what he was going to say — for Val, I suppose, had hardly ever addressed him solemnly by this title before. He called him "Sir" when he spoke to him, scarcely anything else. Richard stopped him with a rapid movement of his hand.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, speak to me so solemnly," he said, half fitfully, half playfully. "Let me look at your photographs. There is a good man here, by the way, where you should go and get yourself done. The old people at home would like it, and it might prove a foundation, who knows, for the fine steel engraving of the member for Esk-side, which no doubt will be published some day or other. Come round to this side and tell me who they are."

The words were stopped on Valentine's lips; and if any one could have known how bitter these words were to him, his relinquishment of the subject would be

more comprehensible to them. Are we not all glad to postpone a disagreeable explanation? "It must be done some time," we say; "but why now, when we are tolerably comfortable?" Valentine acted upon this natural feeling. His sentiments towards his father were of a very mingled character. He was proud of him — impressed by him — he even admired the man who was so completely unlike himself — admired him and almost disliked him, and watched him with mingled wonder and admiration. He had never had a chance of regarding him with the natural feelings of a child, or forming the usual prejudices in his behalf. He met him almost as one stranger meets another, and could not but judge him accordingly on his merits rather than receive him blindly, taking those merits for granted, which is in most cases the more fortunate lot of a son. His father was only a relation of whom he heard very little, and with whom he was upon quite distant and independent, yet respectful, terms. They were both glad, I think, to take refuge in the photographs; and Richard asked with a very good grace, "Who is this?" and "Who is that?" — through showers of young Oxford men and younger Etonians. When he had made his way through them, there was still a little pack of cards to be turned over — photographs not dignified enough to find a place in any book. Hunter the gamekeeper, Harding the butler, his wife the housekeeper, and many other humble personages, were amongst them; and Richard turned them over with more amusement than the others had given him. Suddenly, however, his remarks came to a dead stop. Val, who was standing close by him, felt that his father started and moved uneasily in his chair. He said nothing for the moment; then in a voice curiously unlike his former easy tones, yet curiously conquered into a resemblance of it, he said, with a little catching of his breath, "And who is this, Val?"

It was a scrap of an unmounted photograph, a bit cut off from the corner of a river scene — a portrait taken unawares and unintentionally by a wandering artist who was making studies of the river. It was Dick Brown's mother, as she had been used to stand every day within her garden wall, looking at Val's boat as it passed. Val had seen the picture with the above figure in it, and had bought and kept it as a memento of two people in whom he took so much interest: for

by an odd chance Dick was in it too, stooping to push off a boat from the little pier close by, and very recognizable by those who knew him, though his face was scarcely visible. "Oh, sir," said Val, instinctively putting out his hand for it, "that is nothing. It was taken by chance. It's the portrait of a woman at Oxford, the mother of a fellow I know."

"A fellow you know—who may that be? is his portrait among those I have been looking at? This," said Richard, holding it fast and disregarding Val's hand, which was stretched out to take it, "is an interesting face."

What feelings were in the man's breast as he looked at it who can tell? Surprise, almost delirious, though he hid it as he had trained himself to hide everything; quick-springing curiosity, almost hatred, wild eagerness to know what his son knew of her. He made that remark about the interesting face not unfeelingly, but unawares, to fill up the silence, because everything in him was stirred up into such wild impulses of emotion. The light swam in his eyes; yet he continued to see the strange little picture thus blown into his hand as it seemed by some caprice of fate. As for Valentine, he felt a repugnance incomprehensible to himself to say anything about Dick or his mother, and could have snatched the scrap of photograph out of his father's hand, though he could not tell why.

"Oh, it is not much," he said—"it is not any one you would know. It is the mother of a lad I took a great fancy to a few years ago. He was on the rafts at Eton, and used to do all sorts of things for me. That's his mother, and indeed there's himself in the corner, if you could see him. I found it in a photograph of the river; and as I knew the people, and it is so seldom one sees people who are unconscious of their likenesses being taken, I bought it; but of course it has no interest to any one who does not know the originals," and he put out his hand for it again.

"Pardon," said Mr. Ross, severely—"it has an interest. The face is a very remarkable face, like one I remember seeing years ago. What sort of a person was her son?"

By skilful questions he drew from Val all that he knew: the whole story of Dick's struggle upwards; of his determination to do well; of the way he had risen in the world. Val mixed himself as little as he could with the narrative, but could not help showing, unwittingly, how

much share he had in it; and at last grew voluble on the subject, flattered by the interest his father took in it. "You say the son was at the rafts at Eton, and yet this picture was taken at Oxford. How was that?" said Richard. Val was standing behind him all this time, and their looks had not met.

"Well, sir," said Val, "I hope you won't think, as Grinder did, that it was my love of what he called low society. If Brown is low society, I should like to know where to find better."

"So Grinder said it was your love of low society?"

"He wrote to my grandfather," said Val, sore at the recollection, "but fortunately they know me better; and when I explained everything, grandmamma, like the old darling she is, sent me ten pounds to buy Brown a present. I got him some books and crayons, and carving things—"

"Yes; but you have not told me how this came to be taken at Oxford," said Richard, persistent.

"Well, sir, I was going to tell you. I heard that old Stylys wanted a man. Stylys, perhaps you recollect him, down at—. Yes, that's him. So I told him I could recommend Brown, and so could Lichen, who had been captain of the boats in my time. Lichen of Christ's Church. You won't know his name? He rowed stroke—"

"Yes, yes; but let us come back to Brown."

"There is not much more," said Val, a little disconcerted. Stylys took him on our recommendation, and hearing what an excellent character he had—and that's where he is now. He and his mother have got Stylys's little house, and the old man's gone into the country. I shouldn't wonder if Brown had the business when he dies. He has got on like a house on fire," said Val—"educating himself up from nothing, and would be a credit to any one. I've always thought," said the lad, with an innocent assumption of superior right, "that he cannot have been born a cad, as he seemed when I first saw him, for the mother looks as if she had been a lady. You laugh, sir, but I dare say it's true."

"I was not laughing," said Richard, bundling up the photographs together, and handing them over to his son; "indeed, I think you have behaved very creditably, and shown yourself capable of more than I thought. Now, my dear fellow, I'm going to work to-night. Take

your pictures. They have concerned me very much; and I think you should go to bed."

Val had been doing a great deal that day, and I think he was not sorry to take his father's advice. He gathered all his treasures together, and bade him a more cordial good-night than usual, as he went away with his candle through the dim suite of rooms. As soon as he had turned his back, Richard Ross pushed away his papers he had drawn before him, and watched the young figure with its light walking down the long vista of curtained rooms. The man was not genial enough to let that same gentle apparition come in and illuminate with love the equally dim and lonely antechambers of his heart; but some thrill of natural feeling quickened within him, some strange movement of unwonted emotion as he looked after the lad, and felt how wonderful was this story, and how unwittingly, in natural friendliness of his boyish soul, Val had done a brother's part to his brother. The idea moved him more than the reality did. He took up the little photograph again, which he had kept without Valentine's knowledge, and gazed at it, but not with love. "Curse of my life," he said to himself, murmuring the words in sonorous Tuscan, which he spoke like a native, and clenched his teeth as he gazed at the image of the woman who had ruined him, as he thought. She had been a lady once! — he laughed within himself secretly and bitterly at the thought — a lady! the tramp-girl who had been his curse, and whom he had never been able to teach anything to. When the first vehemence of these feelings was over, he sat down and wrote a long letter to his confidential solicitor in London, a man to whom the whole story had long been known. And I do not think Richard Ross had sound sleep that night. The discovery excited him deeply, but not with any of the pleasure with which a man finds what he has lost, with which a husband might be supposed to discover the traces of his lost wife and child. No; he wanted no tamed tramp to disgrace him with her presence, no successful mechanic-son to shame his family: as they had chosen, so let them remain. He had not even any curiosity, but a kind of instinctive repugnance, to his other son. And yet he was pleased with Valentine, and thought of the boy more kindly, because he had been kind to his lost brother. How this paradox should be, I am unable to explain.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"So Mr. Pringle is on the other side," said Mary Percival. "Perhaps it is just as well, considering all things."

"Why should it be just as well?" said Violet, with a spark of fire lighting up her soft eyes. "Is unkindness and opposition among people who ought to be friends, ever 'just as well'? You are not like yourself when you say so;" and a colour which was almost angry rose upon Vi's delicate cheek.

"My dear, I have never concealed from you that I want to keep you and Val apart from each other," said Miss Percival, with an injudicious frankness which I have never been able to understand in so sensible a woman; but the most sensible persons are often foolish on one special point, and this was Mary's particular weakness.

"Why should we be kept apart?" said Violet, with lofty youthful indignation. "Nobody can keep us apart — neither papa's politics nor anything else outside of ourselves."

"Vi! Vi! I don't think that is how a girl should speak of a young man."

"Oh, I cannot bear you when you go on about girls and young men!" cried Violet, stamping her small foot in the vehemence of her indignation. "Is it my fault that I am a girl and Val a boy? Must I not be friends with him because of that, a thing we neither of us can help, though I have known him all my life? But we are fast friends," cried Vi, with magnificent loftiness, her pretty nostrils dilating, her bright eyes flashing upon her companion. "Neither of us think for a moment of any such nonsense. We were friends when we were seven years old, and I would not give up my friend, not if he were twenty young men!"

"You are a foolish little girl, and I am sorry for you, Vi," said Mary, shaking her head. "At any rate, because you are fond of Val, that is no reason for being uncivil to me."

At these words, as was natural, Violet, with tears in her eyes, flew to her friend and kissed her, and begged pardon with abject penitence. "But I wish I had nothing more on my mind than being friends with Val," the girl said, sighing, "or the difference of people's politics. Of course people must differ in politics, as they do in everything else. I am a Liberal myself. I think that to resist everything that is new, and cling to everything that is old, whether they are



bad or whether they are good, is very wrong. To choose what is best, whether old or new is surely the right way."

"Oh, you are a Liberal yourself?" said Mary, amused; "but I don't doubt Val could easily turn you into a Conservative, Vi."

"Val could not do anything of the kind," said Violet, with some solemnity. "Of course I can't have lived to be twenty without thinking on such subjects. But I wish I had nothing more on my mind than that. Both Liberals and Conservatives may be fond of their country, and do their best for it. I don't like a man less for being a Tory, though I am a Liberal myself."

"That is very satisfactory for us Tories, my dear," said Mary, "and I am obliged to you for your magnanimity; but what is it then, my pretty Vi, that you have upon your mind?"

The girl paused and let fall a few sudden tears. "Mary," she said (for there was a Scotch tie of kinship between them also which made this familiarity admissible), "I am so frightened—and I don't know what I am frightened at. I feel sure papa means to do something more than any one knows of against Val."

"Against Val! he means to oppose his election, no doubt, and give Lord Eskside and our side all the trouble possible: we know that!" cried Mary, who was a politician of the old school. "These are always the tactics of the party—to give as much trouble, and sow as many heart-burnings as possible; though they know they have not a chance of success."

"I suppose it is just what the Tories would do if they were in the same position," said Violet, naturally on the defensive. "But all that is nothing to me," she cried; "if people like to fight, let them: I don't mind it myself—the excitement is pleasant. But, of course, you know better than I do—are you sure there is nothing more than fair fighting that papa could do to Val?"

"I am sure your papa is not a man to do anything inconsistent with fair fighting," said Mary, evasively, her curiosity strongly roused.

This stopped Violet once more. She gave a heavy sigh. "I hear them say that everything is fair in an election contest, as everything is fair in war."

"Or love."

"I don't understand such an opinion," said Violet, rising to her feet and striking her pretty hands together in impatience. "If a thing is wrong once, it is

wrong always. Love! they call that love which can be pushed on by tricks and lies; and people like you, Mary—who ought to know better—say so to! Of course, one knows you cannot *think* it," the girl cried, with a quick-drawn breath, half sob, half sigh.

"Well, dear, I suppose we all give in to the saying of things which we don't think," said Miss Percival, deprecatingly: "but, Vi, you have made me curious. What is it your father means to do?"

"I wanted to ask *you* that; what can he do? Can he do anything?" said Violet. Mary looked at the impulsive girl, not knowing what to answer. Vi was true as truth itself in her generous young indignation against all unworthy strategy—and she was "fond of" and "friends with" Val, according to the childish phraseology which, in this respect at least, she chose to retain. But still even Violet's innocence was a reason for not trusting her with any admission that Valentine was open to special attack. She might assail her father with injudicious partisanship, entreating him to withhold from assaults which he had never thought of making; so that, on the whole, Mary judged it was judicious to say nothing as to any special flaw in the young candidate's armour. She shook her head.

"I cannot think of anything that could be done against Valentine," she said. "He has been a good boy, so far as we know; and when a boy is not a good boy, it is always found out. Sir John is to propose him, and Mr. Lynton of the Linn to second,—he could not have a better start; and dear old Lord Eskside to stand by him, to get his wish at last," said Mary, with a little glimmer of moisture in her eyes. "You young things don't think of the old people. It goes to my heart, after all their disappointments, to think they will have their wish at last."

Violet did not make any reply. Though she was a Liberal herself, and looked upon politics generally from such an impartial elevation of good sense, it was no small trouble to poor Vi to know that she could not even pretend to be on Valentine's side at this great moment of his life;—could not go with Lady Eskside's triumphant party to see him done honour to in the sight of all men; could not even wear a bit of ribbon, poor child, for his sake, but must put on the colours of snuffy Mr. Seisin, and go with her mother to the opposition window, and pretend to look delighted at all the jokes that might be made, and all the assaults upon her



friends. Violet would not allow how deeply she felt this, the merely superficial and necessary part of the situation; and, in reality, it was as nothing to her in comparison with the dread in her heart of something more, she knew not what — some masked battery which her father's hand was arranging. She took Mary out to show her the improvements which were being made at the Hewan, the new rooms which were almost finished, and which would make of the poor little cottage a rustic villa. Jean Moffatt, whose nest had not been interfered with, though Mr. Pringle had bought the place, came out as she heard the voices of the ladies, to take her share in the talk. Jean had now the privileged position of an old servant among the Pringles, and still acted as duenna and protectress to Violet on many a summer day when that little maiden escaped alone with her maid from Moray Place. Mr. Pringle had been getting on in his profession during those years; not in its honours, the tide of which he had allowed to go past him, but in its more substantial rewards. He was better off, and able to afford himself the indulgence of a whim; so the Hewan had been bought, half in love, half in hatred. In love, because the children, and Violet especially, were fond of the little place; and in hatred, because it commanded the always coveted domain of Eskside.

"You are a Liberal too, I understand, Jean," said Mary; "you are all Mr. Ross's enemies up here."

"I wish he might never have waur enemies," said old Jean, "and that's no ill wish; but I'll never disown my principles. I've aye been a Leebéral from the time of the Reform Bill, which made an awfu' noise in the country. There's nane o' your contests worth speaking o' in comparison with that. But I'm real distressed that there's an opposition for a' that. We'll no get our man in, and we'll make a great deal o' dispeace; and two folk so muckle thought of in the country as my lord and my lady might have gotten their way for once. I canna bide the notion of going again' Mr. Valentine; but he's a kindly lad, and will see that, whatever you are, ye maun gang with your pairty. Lord bless the callant! if it was for naething but yon chicken-pie, he's a hantle mair to me than ony Edinburgh advocate that was ever born. But you see yoursel, Miss Percival, how we're placed; we maun side with our own pairty, right or wrang."

"Yes, I see the difficulty of the position," said Mary, laughing, "and I shall make a point of explaining it to Val."

"Do that, mem," said Jean, seriously. She did not see any joke in the matter, any more than Vi did, whose mind was in a very disturbed state.

"And I suppose your son will be of your mind?" said Mary, not indisposed to a little gentle canvassing on her own part.

"I couldna undertake to answer for John," said the old woman; "nor I wouldna tamper with him," she added, "for it's a great responsibility, and he ought to judge for himself. There's one thing with men, they tak a bias easy, and John was never a Leebéral on conviction, as ye may say, like his father and me; and he has a' the cobbling from the House, and a' the servants' work, and my lord's shooting boots, and so forth, and noo and then something to do for my lady hersel; so I wouldna say but he might have a bias. It's a grand thing to have nae vote," said Jean, meditatively, "and then ye can have the satisfaction of keeping to your pairty without harming your friends on the other side."

Jean expressed thus the sentiments of a great many people in Eskside on the occasion of this election. Even some of the great tenant-farmers who were Liberals, instead of delighting in the contest, as perhaps they ought to have done, grumbled at the choice set before them, and regretted the necessity of vexing the Eskside family, old neighbours, by keeping to their own party. For Val Ross, as they all felt, was, on the whole, a much more appropriate representative than "a snuffy old Edinburgh lawyer," said one of the malcontents, "with about as much knowledge of the county as I have of the Parliament House." "But he knows how to bring you into the Parliament House, and squeeze the siller out of your pouch and mine," said another. The Parliament House in question, gentle Southern reader, meant not the House of Commons, but the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh, into which, or its purlieus, it was quite easy to get with Mr. Seisin's help, but not so easy to get out again. I am afraid, indeed, that as the Liberal party was weak in the county, and there had been no contest for some time, and no active party organization existed, there would have been no attempt to oppose Valentine at all but for the determination of Mr. Pringle, who, without bringing himself very prominently forward, had

kept his party sharply up to the mark, and insisted upon their action. That they had no chance of success, or so little that it was not worth calculating upon, they all acknowledged; but allowed themselves to be pushed on, notwithstanding, by the ardour of one fierce personal animosity, undisclosed and unsuspected. Mr. Pringle had been gradually wound up to this by the processes of many years; by the facts of Val's arrival at Rossraig, so unlike those which ought to have attended the coming home of the heir; and by the still more aggravating fact that the district had forgotten all about these, and that only himself cherished any recollection of the curiosity and questioning, once so general, as to this child, who had been so strangely dropped at the old lord's door. I think if other people had recollected it, and if any sort of stigma had remained upon Val, the feelings of the heir-presumptive would have been less exaggerated; but to find that everybody had forgotten these suspicious circumstances—that even his insinuations as to the lad's love of low company, though sufficiently relished for the moment, had produced no permanent impression—and that the world in general accepted Valentine with cheerful satisfaction as Richard Ross's son and Lord Eskside's heir, without a doubt or question on the subject,—all this exasperated Mr. Pringle beyond bearing. No passionate resentment and sense of injury like this can remain and rankle so long in a mind without somehow obscuring the moral perceptions; and the man had become so possessed by this consciousness of a wrong to set right and an injury to avenge, that it got the better both of natural feeling and morality. He did not even feel that the thing he meditated was beyond the range of ordinary electioneering attack; that it strained every law even of warfare, and exceeded the revenges permitted to civilized and political men. All this he would have seen in a moment had the case not been his own, or had the circumstances been different. He would have condemned any other man without hesitation; would have solemnly pointed out to him the deliberate cruelty of the project, and the impossibility of throwing any gloss, even of pretended justice, over it. For no virtuous impulse to punish a criminal, no philanthropic purpose of hindering the accomplishment of a crime, could be alleged for what he meant to do. The parties assailed were

guiltless, and there was no chance that his assault, however virulent, could shake poor Val's real position, however much it might impair his comfort. He could scarcely, even to himself, allege any reason except revenge.

Meanwhile Val had been summoned home. He had spent Christmas with his father, and since then had travelled further afield, visiting, though with perhaps not much more profit than attended his tour in Italy, the classic islands of Greece. It was early spring when the summons reached him to return without delay, everything in the political horizon being ominous of change. Val got back in March, when the whole country was excited by the preliminaries of a general election. He had been so doubtful of the advantage of the abundant English society he had enjoyed abroad, that he was comforted to find himself in English society at home, where it was undeniably the right thing, and natural to the soil. When he arrived at Eskside there was a great gathering to meet him. His address was to be seen at full length on every bit of wall in Lasswade and the adjoining villages, and even in the outskirts of Edinburgh; and the day of nomination was so nearly approaching that he had scarcely time to shake himself free from the dust and fatigue of his journey, and to think of the speech which it would be necessary to deliver, in answer to all the pretty compliments which no doubt would be showered upon him. Val, I am afraid, was a great deal more concerned about making a good appearance on this occasion, and upon conducting himself with proper manly coolness and composure—as if being nominated for a seat in Parliament was a thing which had already happened to him several times at least in his career—than about the real entry into public life itself, the responsibility of an honourable member, or any other proper subject of serious consideration. When he asked after everybody on his return, the dignified seriousness with which he was told of the presence of the Pringles at the Hewan did not affect the young man much. "Ah, you never liked poor Mr. Pringle, grandma," he said, lightly. "I have little occasion to like him," said Lady Eskside; "and now that he is the getter up of all this opposition, the only real enemy you have, my own boy—"

"Oh, enemy! come, grandma, that is too strong," said Val. "If I never have any worse enemy than old Pringle, I

shall do. But I am sorry they are on the other side," he added, with a boyish thought that his blue colours would have looked prettier than ever near Violet's bright locks. He paused a moment, and then burst out with a laugh. "I wonder if they will put her into old Seisin's yellow ribbons," he cried, quite unaware how dreadfully he was betraying himself. "Poor Vi!"

Lady Eskside and Mary looked at each other—the one with a little triumph, the other with horror and dismay. It was my lady whose face expressed the latter sentiments. She had constantly refused to believe that Val had ever "thought twice" of Sandy Pringle's daughter. Even now she assailed Mary indignantly, as soon as Valentine's back was turned. "What did you mean by giving me such a look? Do you mean that a boy like that cannot think of a girl he has known all his life without being in love with her? My dear Mary, that is not like you. I was laughing myself, I confess," said the old lady, who looked extremely unlike laughter, "at the idea of their yellow ribbons on Vi's yellow hair. The little monkey! setting herself up, forsooth, as a Liberal; I'm glad the colours are unbecoming," Lady Eskside concluded, with the poorest possible attempt at a laugh.

Mary made no reply—but she was much more prepossessed in favour of Val than she had ever been. Women like a man, or even a boy for that matter, who betrays himself—who has not so much command of his personal sentiments but that now and then a stray gleam of them breaking forth shows whereabouts he is. Mary—who had taken Violet under her protection, determined that not if she could help it should that little girl fall a victim, as she herself had done—was entirely disarmed by the boyish ingenuousness of his self-disclosure. She thought with a half sigh, half smile, once more, as she had thought that summer day by the linn, that this boy might have been her son had things gone as they should—that he ought indeed to have been her son. Sometimes this is an exasperating, sometimes a softening thought, and it came to Mary on this occasion in the mollifying way.

"Don't ask me anything about Vi," she said to Valentine the same evening. "You know I never approved of too much friendship between you; she is your enemy's daughter."

"What do you call too much friend-

ship?" said Val, indignantly. "If you think I am going to give her up because her old father is an old fool, and goes against us, you are very much mistaken. Why, Vi! I have known her since I was *that* high—better than Sandy or any of them."

"Her father is not so dreadfully old," said Mary, laughing; "and besides, Val, I don't put any faith in him; his opposition is a great deal more serious than you think."

"Well, I suppose he must stick to his party," said Val, employing in the lightness of his heart old Jean's words; "but I know very well," he added, with youthful confidence, "that though he may be forced for the sake of his party to show himself against me, he wishes me well in his heart."

"You are convinced of that?"

"Quite convinced," said Val, with magnificent calm. Indeed I rather think the boy was of opinion that this was the case in the world generally, and that however outward circumstances might compel an individual here and there to appear to oppose him, by way of keeping up his party or otherwise, yet in their hearts the whole human race wished him well.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

It was on a bright spring morning that the nomination of a knight of the shire to represent Eskshire in Parliament took place in Castleton, the quiet little country town which was not far from the Duke's chief seat, and tolerably central for all the gentry. The party from Eskside drove over in state, my lord and my lady, with Miss Percival and Val, in the barouche, and with four horses in honour of so great an occasion. They were all in high spirits, with hopes as bright as the morning, though I think Valentine thought more than once how pleasant it would have been to have had little Vi sitting bodkin on the front seat of the carriage between himself and his grandfather. There would have been plenty of room for her, though I don't know that this would have been considered quite a dignified proceeding by my lady. The little town was all astir, and various cheers were raised as Lord Eskside and Val went into the committee room; and my lady and Mary went on to the hotel which was in their interest,—a heavy, serious, old, grey stone house in the market-place close to the hustings, from one of the windows of which they were to witness the nomina-

tion. On the other side stood the other hotel where Mr. Seisin's supporters congregated. When Lady Eskside took her place at the window specially reserved for her, there was a flutter of movement among the crowd already assembled, and many people turned to look at her with interest scarcely less than that with which they would welcome the candidate and his supporters. Lady Eskside was a great deal older than when we saw her first; indeed, quite an old—a very old—lady, over seventy, as was her husband. But she had retained all her activity, her lightness of figure and movement, and the light in her eyes, which shone almost as brightly as ever. The beauty of age is as distinct as, and not less attractive in its way than, the beauty of youth; the one extremity of life having, like the other, many charms which fail to us commonplace persons in the dull middle-ages, the period of prose which intervenes in every existence. Lady Eskside was a beautiful old woman; her eyes were bright, her colour almost as sweet and fresh, though a little broken and run into threads, as when she was twenty; her hair was snow-white, which is no disadvantage, but the reverse, to a well-tinted face. She had a soft dove-coloured bonnet of drawn or quilted satin coming a little forward round her face, not perched on the top of the head as ladies now wear that necessary article of dress; and a blue ribbon, of Val's colours, round her throat, — though I think, as a matter of choice, she would have preferred red, as "more becoming" to her snowy old beauty. Mary, you may be sure, was in Val's colours too, and was the thorough partisan of the young candidate, however little she had been the partisan of the boy himself in his natural and unofficial character. There was a bright fire blazing in the room behind them to which they could retire when they pleased; and the window was thrown wide open, so that they might both see and hear. The hotel opposite — not by any means such a good one as the Duke's Head — was of course in the opposition interest, and blazed with yellow flags and streamers. At the window there, just before the commencement of proceedings, several ladies appeared. They did not come in state like Lady Eskside, for Mr. Seisin had no womankind belonging to him; and these feminine spectators were wives and daughters of his supporters, and not so enthusiastic in his cause as they were

about their own special relations who intended to perform on the occasion. Among them, in a prominent position, but keeping back as much as possible, Mrs. Pringle and Violet were soon described by the ladies opposite. Neither of them wore anything yellow, as Lady Eskside, with sharp old eyes, undimmed by age, discovered in a moment. "They are both fair, and yellow is unbecoming to fair people," she said, with involuntary cynicism. I do not much wonder that she was severe upon them; for indeed had they not pretended all manner of kindness and friendship for her boy? "It is not their fault," said Mary, apologetically. "I wonder what you mean by telling me it is not their fault," cried Lady Eskside. "Is a man's wife just his housekeeper, that she should have no power over him? They should not have let Sandy Pringle make a fool of himself. They should not have given their consent, and stuck themselves up there in opposition to the family. I have no patience with such women." It was not wonderful that my lady should disapprove; and I don't think that two greater culprits in feeling than Mrs. Pringle and her daughter were to be found in all Eskside. They had the satisfaction of knowing that the husband and father who had driven them to make this appearance was not unaware of the sentiments with which they regarded it; but that, I think, was all the comfort these poor ladies had.

Then there came a stir in the crowd, and a thickening and increase of its numbers, as if more had been poured into a vessel nearly full; and the candidates and their supporters came up to the hustings. How Lady Eskside's heart swelled and fluttered as her handsome boy, a head taller than his old grandfather, who stood so proudly by him, appeared on that elevation over the crowd, detached from the rest, not only by his position as the hero of the day, but by his fresh youth, and those advantages of nature which had been so lavishly bestowed upon him! Lady Eskside looked at him with pride and happiness indescribable, and kissed her hand to him as he turned to salute her at her window; but I will not venture to describe the feelings of the other ladies, when Val, with, they thought, a reproachful look on his handsome face, took off his hat to them at their opposite window. Mrs. Pringle blushed crimson, and pushed back her chair; and Violet, who was very pale, bent her poor little head upon her

mother's shoulders and cried. "Oh, how cruel of papa to set us up here!" sobbed Vi. Mrs. Pringle was obliged to keep up appearances, and checked her child's emotion summarily; but she made up her mind that the cause of this distress and humiliation should suffer for it, though she could not fly in his face by refusing absolutely to appear. These agitated persons did not find themselves able to follow the thread of the proceedings as Lady Eskside did, who did not lose a word that was said, from the speech of Sir John who proposed Val, down to the young candidate's own boyish but animated address, which, and his good looks, and the prestige and air of triumph surrounding him, completely carried away the crowd. Sir John's little address was short, but very much to the purpose. It gave a succinct account of Val. "Born among us, brought up among us—the representative of one of the most ancient and honourable families in the county; a young man who has distinguished himself at the university, and in every phase of life through which he has yet passed," said Sir John, with genial kindness. Mr. Lynton, who seconded Val's nomination, was more political and more prosy. He went into the policy of his party, and all it meant to do, and the measures of which he was sure his young friend would be a staunch supporter, as his distinguished family had always been. Mr. Lynton was cheered, but he was also interrupted and assailed by questions from Radical members of the crowd, and had a harder time of it than Sir John, who spoke largely, without touching abstract principles or entering into details. Mr. Lynton was a little hustled, so to speak, and put through a catechism, but was not badly received. Val's, however, was the speech of the day. He rushed into it like a young knight-errant, defying and conciliating the crowd in the same breath, with his handsome head thrown back and his young face bright and smiling. "He has no end of way on him," Lord Hightowers said, who stood by, an interested spectator—or rather, metaphorically, ran along the bank, as he had done many a day while Val rowed triumphant races, shouting and encouraging. Val undertook everything, promised everything, with the confidence of his age. He gave a superb assurance to the Radicals in the crowd that it should be the aim of his life to see that the intelligence of the working classes,

which had done so much for Britain, should have full justice done to it; and to the tenant-farmer on the other side, that the claims of the land, and those who produced the bread of the country, should rank highly as they ought always to do. The boy believed that everything could be done that everybody wanted; that all classes and all the world could be made happy;—what so easy? And he said so with the sublime confidence of his age, promising all that was asked of him. When Mr. Seisin's supporters and himself came after this youthful hero, it is inconceivable what a downfall everybody felt. I am bound to add that Mr. Seisin's speech read better than Val's in the paper, and so did that of his own proposer. But that mattered very little at the moment. Val carried the crowd with him, even those of them who were a little unwilling, and tried to resist the tide. The show of hands was triumphantly in his favour. He was infinitely more Liberal than Mr. Seisin, and far more Tory than Sir John. He thought every wrong could be redressed, and that every right must conquer: there was no compromise, no moderation, in his triumphant address.

Lady Eskside and Mary made a progress down the High Street when the gentlemen went to their committee rooms, and saw the Duchess and the Dowager-Duchess, who were both most complimentary. These great ladies had heard Val's speech, or rather had seen it, being too far off to hear very much, from their carriage, where they sat on the outskirts of the crowd. "What fire, what vigour he has!" said the Dowager. "I congratulate you, dear Lady Eskside; though how you could ever think that boy like his father——"

"He is not much like your family at all, is he?" said the Duchess-regnant, with a languid smile. This was the only sting Lady Eskside received during all that glorious day. The old lord and the young candidate joined them ere long, and their drive back was still more delightful to the old couple than the coming. Lord Eskside, however, growled and laughed and shook his head over Val's speech. "You're very vague in your principles," he said. "Luckily you have men at your back that know what they are doing. You must not commit yourself like that, my man, wherever you go, or you'll soon get into a muddle."

"Never mind!" said my lady; "he



carried everybody with him; and, once in the House, I have no fear of his principles; he'll be kept all right."

"Luckily for him, the county knows me, and knows he's all right; though he's a young gowk," said the old lord, looking from under his bended eyebrows at his hope and pride. They were more pleased, I think, than if Val had made the most correct of speeches. His exuberance and overflow of generous youthful readiness for everything made the old people laugh, and made them weep. They knew, at the other end of life, how these enthusiasms settle down, but it was delicious to see them spring, a perennial fountain, to refresh the fields and brighten the landscape, which of itself is arid enough. They looked at each other, and remembered, fifty years back, how this same world had looked to them—a dreary old world, battered and worn, and going on evermore in a dull repetition of itself, they knew; but as they had seen it once, in all the glamour which they recollected, so it appeared now to Val.

Val himself was so much excited by all that had happened, that he strolled out alone as soon as he had got free, for the refreshment of a long walk. It was the end of March: the trees were greening over; the river, softening in sound, had begun to think of the summer as his banks changed colour; and the first gowans put out their timid hopeful heads among the grass. Val went on instinctively to the linn, with a minute wound in his heart, through all its exhilarations. He thought it very hard that Vi should not have been near him, that she should not have tied up her pretty hair with his blue ribbon, that she should have been ranged on the other side. It was the only unpleasant incident in the whole day, the only drop in his cup that was not sweet. He explained to himself how it was, and felt that the reason of it was quite comprehensible; but this gives so little satisfaction to the mind. "Of course he must stick to his party," Val murmured to himself between his teeth; and of course Mrs. Pringle and Violet could not go against the head of the family in the sight of the world at least. When Val saw, however, a gleam of his own colour between the two great beech-trees he knew so well, he rushed forward, his heart beating lighter. He felt sure that it was Violet's blue gown, which she must have put on, on her return, by way of indemnifying herself for wearing no blue in the morning. He quickened his step almost

to a run, going softly over the mossy grass, so that she did not hear him. The sunset was glowing in the west, lighting up the woods with long slanting gleams, and clouds of gorgeous colour, which floated now and then over the trees like chance emissaries from some army where the cohorts were of purple and gold. Vi sat with her face to that glow in the west, under the old beech-tree where the Babes in the Wood had been discovered; but her face was hidden, and she was weeping quite softly, confident in the loneliness of the woods, through which now and then a long sobbing sigh like a child's would break. The pretty little figure thus abandoned to sorrow, the hidden face, the soft curved shoulders, the golden hair catching a gleam of the sunset through the branches, and still more, the pathetic echo of the sob, went to Val's heart. He went up close to her, and touched her shoulder with a light caressing touch. "Vi! what's the matter?" said the boy, half ready to cry too out of tender sympathy, though he was nearly twenty-two, and just about to be elected knight of the shire.

"Oh, Val, is it you?" She sprang up, and looked at him with the tears on her cheeks. "Oh, don't speak to me!" cried Violet. "Oh, how can you ask me what is the matter, after what has happened to-day?"

"Is that what you are crying for?" said Val. "Never mind, Vi, dear. I know you have got to stick to your father, and he must stick to his party. It was hard to see you over there on the other side; but if you feel it like this, I don't mind."

"How did you think I should feel it?" cried the girl. "Oh no, you don't mind! you have plenty, plenty better than me to be with you, and stand up for you; but I—I do mind. It goes to my heart."

And here she sat down again, and covered her face once more. Val knelt beside her, and drew away her hands.

"Here was where we sat when we were children," he said softly, to comfort her. "We have always cared more for each other than for any one else; haven't we, Vi? How could I have plenty, plenty to stand by me? wasn't it unkind to say so, when you know you are the one I care for most?"

Violet did not lift up her head, but she cried more softly, letting the voice of the charmer steal into her heart.

"I was savage when I saw you over there," said Val, with his lips very close



to her ear. "But you did not put on their ugly colours at least; and now you are all dressed out in mine, and I don't care," said the youth; and he stooped and kissed her blue gown prettily, as a young knight-errant might.

"Oh Val!" cried Violet, with a fresh outburst, but turning towards him; "I thought you would be angry."

"How could I be angry with you, Vi? Should you have been angry if it had been me?"

"Yes," she said, quickly; "if I had thought you didn't care." And here she stopped and grew crimson, and turned away her head.

"But you could not suppose that I didn't care," said Val; "that would have been impossible. If you only knew how often I have thought of you while I have been away! It was cruel of you not to let me see you before I went; but when I was gone, I am sure there never was a day, seldom an hour, that I did not think of you, Vi."

She turned round her head to look at him for a moment: there were tears still in her eyes, but very soft ones, a kind of honey-dew. "Did you, Val?" she said, half under her breath.

"Always," said the lad. "I wanted you to see everything I saw. I thought how sweet it would be if we could go everywhere together, as we did when we were children—but not just like that either. You know, don't you, how fond I am of you, Vi?"

"Oh Val!" She was almost as near him as when she fell asleep on his shoulder. "But you must not speak to me so now," she cried suddenly, making an effort to break the innocent spell which seemed to draw them closer and closer; "it makes me wretched. Oh Val, it is not only that we were on the other side this morning. My heart is breaking. I am sure papa means to do something against you, and I cannot stop him. I think my heart will break."

"What can he do against me?" said Val, in his light-hearted confidence; "and he would not if he could. Don't think of such nonsense, Vi, but listen to me. We are not children now, but I am fonder of you than of anybody in the world. Why shouldn't we go everywhere together, be always together? If I could go to your father now and say you belonged to me, he could not carry you off to the other side—could he? Vi," said the lad, a little chilled and anxious,

"don't turn your head away, dear. Won't you have me, Vi?"

"Oh Val, wait a little—I daren't listen to you now. I should be afraid to say a word."

"Afraid, Vi, to say anything to me—except that you don't care for me!" said Valentine, holding her fast. "Look me in the face, and you could never have the heart to say that."

Violet did not say anything good or bad, but she turned softly to him: her face met his eyes as a child turns to a mother or a flower to the sun, and they kissed each other tenderly under the great beech boughs where they had sat leaning against each other, two forlorn babies, ten long years before. The scene now was the completion of the scene then. What explanations were wanted between the children? they had loved each other all along; no one else had so much as come within the threshold of either heart. They clung together, feeling it so natural, murmuring in each other's ears with their heads so close; the sunset glowing, then fading about them, till the green glade under the beeches was left in a silvery grey calm of evening, instead of that golden glow. The Babes in the Wood had forgotten themselves. Violet at last discovered with a start how changed the light was and how embrowned the evening. She started from her young lover's arm.

"Oh, how late it is!" she cried. "Oh, what will they think at home? I must go. I must go at once, or they will think I am lost."

"We have been lost before now," said Val, taking it much more easily. "But it is late, and there's a dinner and fine people at Rossraig. Oh Vi, what a bore, what a bore! Can't you come with me?—not this night when so much has happened, not this one night?"

"Indeed you are very bold to speak of such a thing," said Vi, with dignity; "and you must not come with me either," she said mournfully. "Oh Val, I am afraid we have gone and made things worse. I told you not to speak."

"Very likely that I should not speak!" said Val. "But, Vi, look here; now that it is settled, you may come with grand-mamma on Thursday, mayn't you? I cannot have you on the other side now."

"But I *am* on the other side," said Vi, with some loftiness. "I am a Liberal myself. I should never have opposed

you, Val, or worn anybody else's colours, even if I had not—cared for you—but I am a Liberal as well as papa."

"You must be a Tory when you belong to me," said Val.

"Never!" cried Violet; and she shook his arm away and stood independent, with eyes glowing and cheeks flushing. Valentine was half angry, half amused, with a man's instinctive sense of the futility of such protestations. How delightful it was! almost a first quarrel, though their engagement was not an hour old!

"Well, then, you shall be a little Radical if you like—so long as you come," he said. "I give in; but you must come with us for the election. I have set my heart on that; otherwise I shall stand up on the hustings," cried Val, "and say, 'That young lady is going to be my wife, and this is how she treats me.' I swear, if you are not with grandmamma, I will—"

"How foolish you boys are!" said Vi; and she took his arm, as if, they both thought, they had been old engaged people, or married people (it did not much matter which). And in this way they made their charmed progress through the wood, forgetting the passage of time till they came to the brae at the Hewan, where Violet, with some terror, dismissed her lover. "You shall not come any farther," she said; "you shall not. I don't mean you to see papa to-night. Oh Val, Val! what shall I do if he means to do you any harm?"

"Tell him he will be harming you," said Val; but how lightly he took her terror: what could Mr. Pringle or any man do to him? He was at the high top-gallant of success and happiness, almost intoxicated with all the good things that had come to him, and with the young innocent love which rose warm as a summer stream and as soft, fed by all the springs of his heart, growing with all the growth of his life. It was very hard to leave her there, and make his way to his dinner and his politics; but still it had to be done, though Violet stamped her little foot in impatience before he would go. When they parted at last, Val sped along the twilight woods like an arrow, with nothing but triumph and delight in him; he had plucked the last flower of happiness, to wear in his bosom forever. There seemed to be nothing wanted to the perfection of the moment, and of his life.

As for Violet, she was far from being

so happy. She went up the brae more leisurely, in no hurry to go in. Poor child! all her anxieties came back to her with double force. How was she to tell this, how to keep it secret? the one was almost as hard as the other. And then the great chimera in her mind, which she tried to say to herself was nothing, nothing! that dread which she could not explain or define—the consciousness that her father was going to do something against Val. What could she do to hinder him? She shrank from encountering his sharp looks, from telling him her story,—and yet was it not her duty to make one final effort? She went round the new buildings to the little old front of the cottage, which still commanded that view over the Esk which Violet loved so well. Her father was walking about alone smoking his cigar. No one else was visible. The peace of evening had fallen upon the house; but it was cold after the sunset, and Mrs. Pringle had not come out to cheer her husband while he smoked his cigar; indeed, to tell the truth, he was not sufficiently in his wife's good graces to have this indulgence. If Vi, his favourite child, could do anything, now was the moment. Her heart began to beat violently as she stood and looked at him, hesitating, drawn forward by one impulse and back by another. A mere chance movement settled the question. He held out his hand to her as she stood looking at him. "Come, Vi, give me your company," he said; "your mother thinks it too cold to come out. Where have you been, child, so late?"

"I have been down at the linn," said Violet; "it is always so pretty there."

"But you need not have forgotten your dinner, my dear; your mother does not like it; and I thought you were tired after your drive to Castleton," said Mr. Pringle, in slightly reproachful tones.

"I am not tired, papa; I was a little troubled in my mind. Papa, must we go on the election day, and put ourselves up again, against Val? Oh papa, why? might we not stay at home at least? That is what I was thinking of. Valentine never did any harm to us, papa."

"Has not he?" said Mr. Pringle, fiercely. "You are a goose, Vi, and know nothing about it; you had better not speak of what you don't understand."

"Why shouldn't I understand?" said Violet, roused. "I'm just as able to understand as any one. The only harm

Val has done is by being born, and how could he help that? But papa, dear," said the girl, twining her arm suddenly within his, and leaning on him closely—"that was not what I was thinking of. Down at the linn, where we used to be so much together, how could I help thinking? Val was always so—" Vi paused, with injudicious words on her lips which she stopped just in time—"nice to me," she added, with a quick breath of fright at her own temerity. "Even the boys were never so good to me; they never took me out into the woods to play truant. Oh papa, if you could only know how delightful it was!"

"He might have broken your neck," said the obdurate father. "I owe him something for the fright he gave us that day."

"What fright did he give you? Mamma has told me since she was not a bit frightened. It was the very sweetest—no, almost the very sweetest," said Violet, a little thrill of tremulous happiness going through her heart, which told of a sweeter still—"day of my life. He took as much care of me as if I had been—his sister; more than the boys ever take. Oh papa! and to sit up yonder against him, as if we were not friends with Val. He is the only one who does not blame you a bit," said Violet, unused to secrets, and betraying herself once more.

"He! you have seen him, then? It is very kind of him certainly not to blame me," said Mr. Pringle, with a smile.

"He says of course you must stick to your party," said Violet. "I just met him—for a moment—in the wood. He was not angry, though I should have been angry in his place. He said it was very hard to see mamma and me over there, but that of course we could not help it, and that he was sure you would not really harm him even if you could."

Mr. Pringle was not a bad man, and his whole being was quaking at that moment over something he had done. Like many another amiable person, led astray by a fixed idea, he had brooded over his injury till it filled all earth and heaven, and made any kind of revenge seem lawful and natural, until, as the climax of a world of brooding, he had launched the deadly shaft he had been pointing and preparing so long. Now it was done, and a cold chill of doubt lest it were ill done had seized upon him. He had called Violet to him on purpose to escape from this, and lo! Violet seized upon him too, like an angel of penitence.

He paused a moment, casting a perturbed glance towards Lasswade, whence probably by this time his shaft had been launched—poor little innocent village, under its trees. Had there been time to draw back I almost think he would have done it; but as there was not time, Mr. Pringle took the only alternative. He shook off his daughter's arm, and told her to go in to her mother, and concern herself with things she understood; and that when he wanted her advice, and her friend Val's, he would ask for it, not sooner. "A couple of babies!" he said contemptuously, not perceiving in his remorse, and resentment, and sore impatience, that even now he had linked the name of his young enemy, upon whom he had revenged himself, to that of his favourite child.

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#### INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

##### NO. VI. — DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGES.

THE profession of ambassador has come down terribly in the world. It is true that it cannot yet be classed promiscuously with the ordinary trades by which men earn their bread; it is still superior to lawyering, doctoring, and schoolmastering; it continues to stand, socially, above soldiering, sailing, and the cure of souls; it still possesses a special character, and is still surrounded by a respect-provoking halo;—but it has altogether lost its once effulgent glory; it is now only a faded remnant of its former self. There was a time when ambassadors were regarded as the effective personal representatives of the monarchs in whose name they came; when the prestige of the one was reflected fully on to the other; when the splendour of the prince shone out brilliantly in the envoy; and as, in those days, sovereigns were vastly bigger personages than they are at present, their ambassadors occupied a situation proportionately higher than that which they now own. The two have dropped mournfully together; master and man have equivalently and simultaneously descended; revolutions, popular education, public opinion, and the telegraph, have dragged both down, side by side. One consequence of this change is, that the phrase "Diplomatic Privileges" has lost the greater part of its original meaning. It once signified the

enjoyment of prerogatives and rights of a truly royal nature; it once was a reality of grave import; it once constituted a strange but most striking testimony of the universal recognition of the then indisputable rights of kings; but now, alas! it implies, in daily practice, little more than the faculty of importing cigars free of duty. Its history is odd, however; its details—to the disrespectful eye of this irreverent nineteenth century—are amusing; furthermore, it stands out glaringly in the front rank of the vanities of nations. There are therefore several sufficient reasons for talking about it here.

It may be useful to begin the story by observing that it is an error to imagine, as many people do, that ambassadors are an ancient institution: they are, on the contrary, in their present form, an essentially modern product; like many others of our surroundings, they have crept into use during recent centuries, concurrently with the general march of new necessities and new inventions. Ambassadors are a fruit of the world's progress, just as much as standing armies, vaccination, or deep-sea telegraphs; they have grown with the growth of things around them. It may be said of them, approximately, that they and gunpowder were invented at the same period; that they rose into general use contemporaneously with printing; and that they attained their full development at the moment when gravitation was discovered. All the special authors agree in certifying that the functionaries described by the title of ambassador were entirely unknown until the thirteenth century, at which epoch the Popes began to send them forth. The messengers and the heralds of antiquity and the middle ages were not ambassadors; such agents could have no existence so long as international relations maintained the single and simple form of perpetual war. Consequently, it was not until the earth was no longer young that governments became materially able to employ resident representatives abroad, and then, as has just been said, it was the Papal Court which set the example of utilizing them. That Court was the first to recognize that it had interests to protect and influences to maintain in other countries. Diplomacy was, as might perhaps have been expected, an offspring of religion. The French kings slowly imitated Rome; Louis XI. had resident envoys in Burgundy and England; but it was not till

after Charles VIII.'s expedition to Naples (1495) that princes generally began to keep up special agents in their neighbours' ground. Isolated cases occur at earlier periods, but the principle was not adopted until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Distinctions between the various classes of diplomatic envoys appear to have sprung up at once. Ambassadors, properly so called, were soon found to be excessively expensive; their display of ceremonial, and their tremendous self-assertion, involved so large an outlay, that, whenever it was not absolutely necessary to employ them, they were speedily replaced by cheaper and more modest agents. But though, in this way, diplomatic representatives became divided, from their very origin, into categories and ranks, it was not until after the Peace of Westphalia that fixed rules were adopted for their classification. From that date (1648) commences what the authors admiringly describe as "the great diplomatic epoch," which lasted for nearly two hundred years, and is considered to have reached its end at the Congress of Vienna. In those days there was no public opinion to control or interfere with the individual wishes of the sovereign; diplomatists then represented, almost exclusively, a personal royal policy; and, as the post was slow, as the telegraph was not invented, as envoys were often at a month's distance from their master, they were obliged to interpret their instructions as they could, or to act without instructions. For these various reasons an ambassador had really then an important part to play, and a grave responsibility to support; diplomacy was then an occupation needing forethought, prompt decision, much subtlety of imagination, and abundant bravery; its professors therefore had—in addition to their impersonation of their monarch—some personal grounds for claiming the extravagant prerogatives which were conceded to them. But now that ministers of foreign affairs are, practically, directing by the wires all the details of their negotiations throughout Europe—now that envoys can get an answer from their Governments in an hour—now that they have lost almost all initiative, and have been relieved of almost all responsibility,—it would be just, even if there were no other motive for it, that they should lose some part of their privileges as well.

They have not lost them altogether;

they still retain enough immunities to secure the honour of their position, and to render it both exceptional and pleasant: they continue to be exempt from taxation and jurisdiction in the country to which they are accredited; and they, their house, their household, and their couriers, are inviolable. With this one indication of the actual position of the case, we will leave it for the moment, and will go back to the details of its former character, for its interest lies mainly in the past. The rights now held by the representatives of States are indispensable to their independence and their dignity; they could not be further restricted without depriving their possessors of the liberty to which they are entitled. Even the most levelling socialist would find it difficult to argue that those rights are either excessive or unjust; but the very fact that they are now quite reasonable makes them stupid; when they ceased to be outrageous they ceased to be amusing. We must look at them as they were two centuries ago to see them in all the gorgeousness of their absurdity.

The prerogatives formerly enjoyed by diplomatic envoys were, in many cases, almost larger than those possessed by the sovereigns they represented. For a long time they exercised the direct right of judgment, and consequently of life and death, over the members of their suite; their houses and their carriages were recognized asylums from all local justice, and often served as such for criminals of any nationality. In certain countries they extended this immunity far outside the doors of the palaces they inhabited, and maintained its action throughout the entire neighbouring district of the city. They all kept guards for the defence of their prerogative, and for the immediate punishment of every one who infringed them. Some of them pretended that they were in no way bound to pay their debts; and the privileges which still continue to exist of freedom from jurisdiction and taxation were carried to the most exorbitant and abusive development. Every ambassador sought for new occasions of extending either the applications of his prerogatives or those prerogatives themselves, and half his time was spent in fighting over them. Examples of all this are abundant in the diplomatic histories; they are so numerous and so varied that they supply illustrations of every imaginable form of difficulty or quarrel, and that is a good deal to say—for gentle-

men possessed in those days a singularly strong faculty of getting into trouble, and a correspondingly feeble talent for getting out of it. As all the stories cannot be repeated here, it is essential to make a choice among them, which is a pity, for most of them are more or less worth reading as testimonies of the vanity and the folly of our predecessors. With this reservation, we will select those which, on the whole, best illustrate the subject.

On the day on which Sully (he was then called Rosny) arrived in London to compliment King James on his accession to the English throne, some gentlemen of his suite got into a tavern brawl, and one of them killed an Englishman. A mob formed quickly, as mobs still do in London, and proposed to kill the Frenchmen in return; they however managed to get out by a back door, and safely reached the house of the Marquis de Beaumont-Harlay, resident ambassador of France. Directly Rosny heard of this, he called together several friends who had accompanied him on his journey, examined with them the circumstances of the case, got a complete confession from the murderer, condemned him straight away to death, and sent to inform "the Lord Mayor" (so at least the French chronicle asserts) that he had tried and judged the culprit, and that "the officers of justice might execute him when they pleased." So the Lord Mayor fetched him, and took him off to the gallows. But, while all this was going on, M. de Beaumont-Harlay, who had strongly opposed Rosny's action in the matter, managed to get an audience of King James, obtained from him a free pardon, and set the gentleman at liberty just when he expected to have only five minutes more to live. So far the tale is simply an example of the exercise of the prerogative of life and death by an ambassador; but now comes in a question so intensely subtle that modern intelligences almost fail to compass it. Had James I. the right to interfere? Directly it became known in Paris that he had presumed to do so, a fierce outcry arose; it was indignantly declared to be a gross insult to a sovereign of France that another sovereign should dare, even on his own territory, to grant a pardon to a French subject condemned by a French authority. Everybody decided that the gentleman ought to have been unhesitatingly decapitated or hung on Rosny's verdict, and that the intervention of the



English king constituted a most grievous breach of the respect and courtesy due by one nation to another. Angry representations were made to the English Court; M. de Beaumont-Harlay was bitterly accused for so improperly soliciting foreign mercy; reason and common sense were carefully excluded from all participation in the matter; but the theory of prerogative was maintained in all its force and purity.

This right of judgment over all the members of an embassy appears to have been always exercised without restriction; but the privilege which came next to it in importance — that of asylum — though universally accorded to the houses of ambassadors for all ordinary criminals, was not conceded in cases of treason or conspiracy against the State; self-preservation was held everywhere to be a higher duty than the respect of diplomatic rights. And yet, though all Governments insisted in their own case that they were justified in pursuing and arresting traitors within the walls of embassies, they invariably denied this power to other States when it was exercised against themselves. They changed their attitude, their arguments, and their principles, according as they were plaintiffs or defendants: in the former case they based their claims on self-defence and the *raison d'Etat*; in the latter, they took shelter behind prerogative. Here is an example of this convenient double action.

In 1540, Venice began to wish for peace with Turkey, and sent an envoy to Constantinople to negotiate; he was authorized to sign a treaty, ceding, if necessary, to the Porte, two towns then held by Venice in the Morea. When he reached Constantinople it became evident to him that the Porte was perfectly aware of the nature of his instructions, and would not make peace unless he granted a good deal more. He made the best fight he could, but was finally obliged to give a sum of 300,000 ducats in addition to the two towns. On his return to Venice, he was violently abused for his incapacity, and for the various other faults which, even in our own day, are usually attributed to unsuccessful negotiation. But he proved that the reason of it was, that the Porte knew all about the secret intentions of the Venetian Government, and that, consequently, he could not argue, and was forced to yield. So the spies were set to work, and it was discovered that Nicolas Cavezza, secre-

tary of the Senate, his brother Constantine Cavezza, secretary of the Council of Ten, and Maffeo Leone, a noble, were paid by France to reveal the deliberations of the Government, and that they transmitted their information to Francis I. (who in this case had reported it to his new friend Solymán), through Abondio and Valier, his emissaries at Venice. Directly the culprits heard that they were found out, they naturally ran away. Constantine Cavezza and Leone managed to get into Italy; but the other three could not escape, and took refuge in the palace of the French ambassador. Thereupon the Council of Ten proclaimed that there was no privilege of asylum for the crime of treason; required the immediate delivery of the refugees; and, on the refusal of the ambassador to surrender them, sent a company of soldiers with two cannon to fetch them out by force. So they were given up, and were forthwith hung between the two columns of the little Place of St. Mark. Francis I. grew very wild at this: he said he would make war on Venice; and for two months refused to grant an audience to Venier, the ambassador of the *sérénissime* republic. At last, however, he sent for him, and asked him angrily, "What would you have done, sir, if you had been treated in this way?" Venier, who must have been a cunning fellow, appears to have remembered the influence which a soft answer exercises on wrath, for he answered, "Sire, if rebel subjects of your Majesty dared to take refuge in my house, I would myself seize them and deliver them to the judges. If I acted otherwise, I should be vigorously punished by my republic." There the matter ended.

A dispute of another kind about asylum occurred at Rome in 1655. The Marquis de Fontenay, ambassador of France, after giving shelter in his palace to some Neapolitan refugees who had run away from their Spanish conquerors, was sending them to Civita Vecchia to embark. As Spanish influence was strong at Rome, he feared that they might be seized on the road, so he put them, for protection, into his own coaches, with an escort of his servants; but, notwithstanding this precaution, they were attacked directly they got outside the gates by the Pope's Corsican guard, and, after a fight, seventeen of the exiles were carried off to prison. As soon as the French ambassador was informed of this event he announced that, after such an insult to his coach and livery, he should immedi-

ately leave Rome; and he claimed an audience of the Pope in order to explain the motives of his departure. When he saw the Holy Father he bitterly complained of the violence to which he had been subjected, and said he could not believe that it had been perpetrated with the knowledge of the Pope, but was convinced it had been brought about at the instigation of some members of the Papal Government who were friendly to the Spanish party at Naples: he concluded by demanding the immediate release of the prisoners, and a proper reparation for the affront which he had received. The Pope replied that "it was by his own order that the arrest had taken place; that since the ambassador had allowed himself to protect criminals in the States of the Church, it was certainly permissible for him, the sovereign, to seize those criminals wheresoever he could lay hands on them." The ambassador retorted that the persons to whom he had given asylum were not subjects of his Holiness, but Neapolitans, whom he had sheltered against the persecutions of the Spaniards. After long discussion, the Pope consented to place at liberty any of the prisoners whom the ambassador might name: but M. de Fontenay would not content himself with that; he insisted that the soldiers who had attacked his coach should be severely punished. Then came "much contestation, and many threats on both sides;" and at last, M. de Fontenay, who was afraid of the Pope's strong Spanish sympathies, contented himself with the release of all the prisoners, leaving the question of reparation to be settled in Paris between the French Government and the Nuncio. In this case the Pope was evidently wrong, according to the rules then in vigour, and that was why he had to yield and give up his prisoners; but the story shows that, in the face of diplomatic privileges, no sovereign was absolutely master in his capital, and that, in fact, each capital contained as many sovereigns as ambassadors.

The "*franchise de quartier*" was even more outrageous than the privilege of asylum; but as it existed only in Venice, Madrid, and Rome, and in Frankfurt during the coronations of the emperors, its effects were limited to those towns. This right empowered each ambassador to exclude all officers of justice not only from his palace, but also from a certain district round it; and it was

maintained so watchfully and vigorously that diplomatists at Madrid several times hung alguazils for presuming to cross their "quarter," and invariably beat them if they caught them there. One day, in January 1680, the Corregidor of Madrid, followed by some of his men, having passed in daylight through the district of the French embassy, the Marquis de Villars, who was then ambassador, sent a message to him to say he was not to do it any more. The Corregidor apologized, and said he had done it by mistake; but as he committed the same mistake again ten days later, Villars put in a formal complaint to the Government, and claimed satisfaction for the twice-repeated insult. To this it was replied that the King of Spain had declared, nine years before, that he would put an end to the privilege of *quartier*, and would treat the ambassador of each sovereign as his own ambassador was treated at that sovereign's court; consequently, as the Spanish envoy in Paris had no such privilege, he would not continue to accord it to the representative of France at Madrid. To this Villars answered that "his sovereign would willingly accept the principle of reciprocity of treatment for the ambassadors of both nations; but that the ambassadors of his Catholic Majesty enjoyed particular favours at the Court of his very Christian Majesty, entering when he liked into the presence of the king and queen without demanding audience, accompanying the king without permission when hunting, sitting down at public festivals and ceremonies, driving about Paris with six horses." Consequently, as he himself possessed no similar rights in Spain, he held out, as a compensation, for his "*franchise de quartier*." But the Spanish monarch curtly said that "he persisted in his resolution." At this the Court of France grew seriously indignant, and instructed Villars to claim public satisfaction for the personal affront which was thus offered to him. He did it, and all he got by it was a further declaration from the Spanish Government, with the addition that the same restriction would be at once applied to all other ambassadors. Villars answered savagely that this was adding insult to injury, for "the ambassador of France had a right to obtain grace for other ambassadors, but was not to be a cause of their losing advantages which they already possessed." The matter was at last referred,

after much discussion, to the Council of State, at which stage Spain gave way and Villars preserved his privilege.

In Rome this right was more exaggerated still; for there, entire districts of the city round the ambassadorial palaces were exempt from jurisdiction of any kind, and were consequently adopted as the home of thieves and murderers. The privilege had lasted for more than a hundred years, when Innocent XI. at last protested that it was "contrary to the dignity of the local sovereign, and to the respect of justice," and claimed its immediate suppression. He succeeded in persuading the Emperor and the Kings of Spain and Poland to abandon it; but when he proposed to Louis XIV. to do the same, that agreeable and modest monarch answered, "It is for me to set examples, not to follow them." Thereupon the Pope declared that though he would permit the privilege to continue to subsist in favour of the ambassadors then accredited at Rome, he would receive no new representative from any power, unless that representative first renounced all claim to the right of district. Things then went on quietly till 1687, when, on the sudden death of his ambassador at the Papal Court, Louis XIV. instantly appointed the Marquis de Lavardin to the vacant post, and sent him off without any previous communication to the Pope. Lavardin entered Rome as if it were a conquered city. Eight hundred men-in-arms marched before and behind his coach, and grouped themselves strategically round the Farnese Palace, which was the residence of the French embassy, with the avowed intention of maintaining the district privilege by force. To this the Pope replied by refusing to grant Lavardin an audience of reception, by ordering his ministers to hold no communication whatever with him, and finally, on the 12th of May, by excommunicating him. Lavardin seems to have taken all this very coolly, as became the delegate of the *Roi Soleil*, and stopped in Rome as if nothing at all had happened. The Pope, however, was watching for an opportunity to go further still; and having learnt on Christmas-day that Lavardin had just been to mass at St. Louis des Français, placed that church under interdict next morning, because the clergy had allowed a notoriously excommunicated person to say his prayers there. Against this Lavardin put in a written protest, arguing that "his character of representative of the sacred per-

son of so great a monarch placed him outside the possibility of excommunication;" and that, therefore, as "nobody in a sane mind could consider him to be excommunicated," he declared that, in his opinion all that had been done against him was null and void. In France the matter was taken up with more vigour still: the Parliament of Paris pronounced a judgment stating "that his Holiness, in the wish to signalize his Pontificate by some startling novelty, had imagined, in contradiction to all justice, to destroy the franchise of ambassadors; that, even if he had the right to do so, he ought not to have employed ecclesiastical censures in aid of his intention, but should have carried it out by negotiation only; that the licence which he had permitted himself in employing the power of the Keys to abolish the franchise, deserved to be repressed by a *concile*; and that the king's rights could never become the subject of a controversy, to be dealt with by any ecclesiastical tribunal or jurisdiction." This judgment (which concluded by entreating the king to exercise his authority in order to preserve to their full extent the distinct franchise and immunities of his ambassador at Rome) was posted up at the door of the Nunciature in Paris. Furthermore, the Nuncio was sent to prison as a hostage for the safety of Lavardin. But the Pope would not give way: on the contrary, he began to arm his fortresses and to prepare for war. Luckily, however, he died soon afterwards, and in 1693, under his successor, the quarrel was at last settled by mutual concession.

The pride which Louis XIV. exhibited in this case was invariably shown by him on all diplomatic questions—so long, at least, as he was stronger than his adversary. An excellent example of the sort of conduct which he adopted towards States which had offended him, is offered by the speech which he forced the Doge of Genoa to deliver to him in 1685; and though the events which produced that speech were not connected with diplomatic privileges, and consequently form no part of the subject under examination here, yet the speech itself is so strange a monument of international vanity, that it will not, perhaps, be altogether out of place to quote it. The Genoese had built four vessels for the Spanish navy, and had thereby much displeased the King of France, who was at war with Spain; so the latter informed

the Government of Genoa that he should regard the sending of these ships to sea as an act of avowed hostility, and that, if they left the port, his own vessels would at once capture them. Thereat the Genoese got angry, and foolishly began to worry the French ambassador: they abused his servants; they drove his wife's confessor out of Genoa; they deprived him of his doctor, his surgeon, and his apothecary (who were natives of the town); and, finally, they tried to murder him. The ambassador grew vexed at these proceedings, and, as the historians say, "permitted himself vivacities which were unworthy of his rank, beating certain Genoese with a stick in public, though nobler arms would have better become the minister of a great king." As soon as the four ships were finished, they were sent ostensibly to sea, whereon a French squadron bombarded Genoa, threw in 14,000 shells, and destroyed half the town. Then peace was made, on hard terms for the Genoese, one of the conditions being that their Doge Lascari, accompanied by four senators, should go to Versailles, in all pomp and ceremony, to beg pardon of the king, "with the most submissive and most respectful expressions." So they came, and this was the speech which the unlucky Doge was forced to utter:—

"Sire, my republic has always held, as a fundamental maxim, that its duty is to show forth the profound respect which it bears to the powerful crown which your majesty has received from your ancestors, and which, by astonishing actions, you have raised to such high degrees of force and glory that renown, which in other cases usually exaggerates, is quite unable—even by diminishing them—to render credible to posterity. These prerogatives, which are so sublime that they oblige all States to admire them with very deep submission, have particularly led my republic to distinguish itself above all others in bearing witness thereto, in such a manner that the whole world must remain convinced. This being so, the most deplorable accident which has ever happened to us is to have veritably offended your majesty; and though my republic flatters itself that this is but a pure consequence of misfortune, it desires, nevertheless, that what has happened to discontent your majesty should be, at any price, effaced not only from your memory, but also from that of all men; for the republic is incapable of consoling itself in so great an affliction

until it sees itself re-established in the good graces of your majesty, which it will apply itself, henceforth, not only to preserve, but even to augment. It is with this view that, not contenting itself with the most respectful language, the republic has sought to employ unknown and most particular means, in sending to your majesty its Doge, with four of its senators, hoping that, after such demonstrations, your majesty will be entirely persuaded of the very high esteem in which my republic holds your royal good will. As for myself, sire, I consider myself most happy to have the honour to expose to your majesty these respectful sentiments; and I hold it to be a particular glory to appear before a monarch of invincible courage, renowned for his greatness of soul and his magnanimity. I trust that your majesty, in order to show the extent of your generosity more and more clearly to the universe, will deign to regard these most just and respectful declarations as coming from the sincerity of my heart and of the hearts of the senators and citizens of Genoa, who are waiting with impatience for the sign of a return of your majesty's good will."

On reading such sentences as these, we wonder how they could ever have been composed, for the condition of mind in which their author must have placed himself is altogether beyond the reach of modern thought. Such phrases could not be put together in our time, for the reason that they were not a consequence of any special literary talent which we could imitate, but were the product of a mental state which has disappeared with the social and political conditions which provoked it. The power of drafting a speech like this, and the still stranger faculty of listening to it seriously, were both peculiar to the epoch; Lascari possessed the first, which was very curious, and Louis Quatorze possessed the second, which was entirely contemptible. The Doge had other qualities than this one, and of a higher and more useful sort; he showed them in the calm and dignity with which he bore the humiliation of his position, and in the skill with which he restored amicable feelings between France and his own country. He it was, too, who, when asked what struck him most during his stay in Paris, made the answer, "*C'est de m'y voir.*"

If it were not somewhat unkind to the unfortunate and not courageous Government which recently controlled the des-



tinies of the United Kingdom, we should be tempted to suggest certain analogies between the speech of Lascari and the climbing down of Britain on the Alabama question. But we will be generous and silent.

After this parenthesis we will go back to privilege, and will put a question which, simple as it looks, has been more than once vehemently discussed — Can an ambassador be forced to pay his debts? There can be no sort of doubt as to the reply: both Grotius and common sense say yes; but whatever be the evidence of the principle, the fact has been furiously fought over, as the following examples prove: —

M. de Mathweof, who had been for some time ambassador of Peter the Great in London, was summoned home in 1708; he had presented to Queen Anne his letters of recall, and was terminating his preparations for departure, when he was publicly arrested in Charles Street on a warrant issued at the suit of a tradesman to whom he owed £300. He was somewhat roughly handled; his hat and cane were snatched away; his sword was seized as he was drawing it to defend himself; he was pulled violently from his carriage, and dragged prisoner to a low sponging-house, where he was released on bail after a detention of some hours. All this would have been unpleasant even to an ordinary mind; but what must its effects have been on the sensitive dignity of an ambassador? Directly the queen heard what had happened, she sent Mr. Boyle, her foreign minister, to express to M. de Mathweof her profound regret, and to assure him that everybody concerned in his arrest should be severely punished. The Russian did not, however, content himself with this assurance, and protested vigorously in writing against the treatment he had received. Mr. Boyle replied that the Privy Council had been called together solely to examine the affair, that seventeen individuals had been arrested, and that the Attorney-General had been ordered to pursue the prisoners with the utmost rigour and "to neglect nothing which could give to M. de Mathweof the most entire satisfaction." But all this did not satisfy the indignant Mathweof; he left immediately for Holland (it is not stated whether he paid his debts or not), did not accept the farewell present which was then always offered to ambassadors, and refused to use the vessel which the Government placed at his disposal for his

passage across the Channel. Parliament met soon afterwards, and distinctly indicated its appreciation of the monstrous nature of the insult which had been offered to the ambassador, by expressly excepting the persons concerned in his arrest from the benefit of the general amnesty which was then granted, and by passing a Bill for the regulation of the immunities and prerogatives of the diplomatic body. This latter measure was, indeed, indispensable, for to that date the Statute Book contained no allusion to the subject, so that, after all, it was found impossible to inflict any punishment on the seventeen persons (with the Sheriff of Middlesex at their head) who were implicated in the attack on Mathweof. They were found guilty by the jury, but no sentence could be pronounced upon them, for their offence was so far unknown to law. This issue of the trial was so annoying to Queen Anne that she sent a special explanation of it to the Czar Peter, deploring that English custom prevented her from acting without law, and forwarding to him an illuminated copy of the new Act of Parliament, as evidence that insults to ambassadors would thenceforth be followed by due pains and penalties. Furthermore, Lord Whitworth, who was Queen Anne's representative in Russia, offered public excuses in her name to the czar in the presence of the *corps diplomatique* and the Court. It will be noticed that all these complicated proceedings bore solely on the one point of attack on an ambassador; the subsidiary question of his debts was lost sight of altogether. We may then apparently infer that it was regarded as of no real importance, and that prerogative, not honesty, was the preoccupation of the two Governments.

Sixty years afterwards another case arose in which, at last, honesty took precedence of prerogative; the world was beginning to grow pure, and to object to the continuance of robberies calmly perpetrated under the shield of privilege. The Baron de Wrech, minister of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel at the French Court, was known to be intending to leave Paris, at the expiration of his mission, without taking any notice of his creditors. So the latter sent in a protest to the minister of foreign affairs, gave the details of their claims, and of the conduct of De Wrech, and got the minister to refuse to give Wrech his passport until he paid his bills. Thereon Wrech grew violent, appealed to all his col-



leagues to support him, and persuaded them to take up his arguments as common to themselves. The French Government answered by a note which really contains a masterly exposition of the whole subject of immunities, urging, with much logic and many proofs, that ambassadors cannot anyhow possess higher privileges than are enjoyed by the monarchs whom they represent; that the goods of sovereigns in foreign countries may be seized for the payment of their debts; that no ambassador can refuse to discharge the debts which he has contracted in the country where he resides, for the double reason that "his own sovereign cannot wish him to violate the first law of natural justice, which is anterior to the privileges of the *droit des gens*;" and that no sovereign can admit that those privileges should be used to the detriment of his own subjects. The examples quoted in support of this view of the question are explicit enough; they show that, at Vienna, the court-marshal occupied himself specially with the verification of the payment of the debts of ambassadors before they left; that the property of Czernicheff, Russian envoy to Great Britain, was impounded in 1764, and held until Prince Liechtenstein gave security; that in Russia, a departing minister had to publish three notices of his going, and that the furniture, the papers, and even the children of M. de Bausset, French ambassador at Petersburg, were seized until the King of France had himself engaged to pay the debts which that gentleman had incurred; that at Berlin, in 1723, the Baron de Posse, Swedish minister, was put in prison because he refused to pay a saddler; that at Turin, the coach of the ambassador of Spain had been held as security for debt. To all these arguments Wrech could make no serious reply; the refusal of his passports was maintained, and it was not till the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had undertaken to pay all he owed that he was permitted to leave France.

It might have been supposed that a question of such a kind could not possibly arise in our time, and that in this century reason had finally got the better of prerogative; but in 1839, another dispute occurred as to the right to seize an ambassador's property for debt. In that year Mr. Wheaton, United States minister at Berlin, was moving from one house to another, when the landlord of the house which he was leaving pretended

that he had not been paid for some stains upon the walls, and stopped the carpets and the curtains as security. Mr. Wheaton immediately complained to the foreign minister, who replied that the landlord was fully justified in acting as he had done. A discussion arose thereon, and though the dispute itself was, of course, arranged at once, the contest about theory and principle lasted till 1844. The memoirs exchanged on this occasion exhibit one most curious peculiarity; ancient privilege was defended by the great Republic of America, while half-feudal aristocratic Prussia took up the championship of actual ideas and common-sense. Mr. Wheaton and his Government based their arguments on prerogative, while the foreign minister of Prussia proclaimed that modern legislation is superior to old authorities and old precedents, and asserted that, as Mr. Wheaton had signed a lease when he hired his house, he had thereby, according to the present civil law of Europe, accepted all the consequences to which an ordinary tenant may become exposed. So the point was fought over for five years, and it ended, as it had begun, with a total disagreement between the views of the two Governments.

Other forms of privilege have provoked struggles amongst our ancestors; rights of exclusive jurisdiction over servants (of whatever nationality), rights of passage through certain streets or doorways, rights of free importation of articles prohibited to the commerce of the country, have led to smart fighting between Governments and envoys, each side invariably acting on the principle of claiming as much as possible for itself, and of granting as little as possible to the other. But the examples already quoted are sufficient; they show the nature of the privileges which ambassadors once enjoyed, and the means which they employed to guard them; they indicate, with quite enough distinctness, the violence of the struggle for diplomatic place and power; it would be useless to add more stories of the past; we can go on to the present condition of the question.

The collection of definitions of the supposed rights and obligations of nations towards each other, which constitute what is called "international law," has always included, from its earliest beginnings, explanations of the prerogatives of ambassadors; but it is only since the commencement of the present century that those explanations have assumed a

character of seriousness and certainty. And even now they cannot be regarded as being absolutely positive and beyond discussion, for it must be borne in mind that, after all, there is no "law" whatever between nations, and that what bears that delusive name is nothing but a series of probable and generally very reasonable propositions put forward some time ago by certain writers, because they seemed to correspond with precedent and usage, but which, as a whole, have never received from any nation the consecration of an avowed adoption; which are still, with few exceptions, little more than the expression of the personal views of their authors; and which, even if nations did adopt them, could never be made obligatory—as things now stand—except by war. Nations, as between themselves, have no police, no judges, and no prisons; the "law" which each of them applies within its territory is a reality, because each of them has organized the means and possesses the power of enforcing it; but the "law of nations" is an empty phrase, and the attempts to codify its supposed elements which are now beginning to be talked about, will be a waste of time and labour unless some ingenious politician simultaneously invents a process of jurisdiction by which the intended code can be regularly maintained and put in force after the Governments of the world have voted it. The unauthorized indications which at present bear the name of "*droit des gens*," render, however, many real services; both in theory and in practice they serve as guides, and a habit of referring to them and of accepting them as exact, and as possessing even, in many cases, a certain force of moral obligation, is evidently growing up amongst the nations; but notwithstanding this, the *droit des gens* has always been at the mercy of the strongest, and it is difficult to imagine how it can ever cease to be so; for even if it should some day assume the form and acquire the value of a universal treaty, that would not necessarily increase its strength or durability, inasmuch as sad experience shows us that most treaties are only made to be afterwards torn up again. Still, true as all this may be, the books on the law of nations may be accepted as tolerably safe authorities for our present purpose, on the ground that as the once grave question of prerogative has now dwindled into almost nothing, as it has ceased to excite emotions or to provoke difficulties, there is no reason for

rejecting the moderate definitions of it which modern legists offer to us. It is one of the few points of the *droit des gens* on which for the moment all States appear to practically agree. But, as was said at the commencement of this article, now that prerogatives have grown reasonable they have ceased to be amusing; a statement of their actual condition is a necessary compliment to their past history, but it will not be at all diverting.

The successive writers on the law of nations have done little more than reproduce, with more or less variation of form and language, the opinions, the examples, and the arguments of their predecessors; but still, as no one of them gives all the details and all the definitions of this question of immunities, we cannot limit our description of them to quotations from one authority alone. Even Phillimore, who, excepting Calvo, is the most recent of the authors on the subject, is not an absolutely complete expounder of actual views. We will adopt him as our main guide, but to make the story clear we must consult others too. He defines the status of ambassador as "composed of rights *stricti juris*, resting on the basis of natural law, and therefore immutable; and of privileges, originally not immutable, but so rational in their character, and so hallowed by usage, as to be universally presumed, and to become matter of strict right if their abrogation have not been formally promulgated (a case almost inconceivable) before the arrival of the ambassador. The former are usually described under the title of inviolability, the latter under the title of extritoriality." This sentence is evidently intended to apply to present privileges only, but, even with that limitation of its meaning, it is rather strongly worded; we may, however, take it as a starting-point, and go on from it to the description of "inviolability" which follows it. The right of inviolability extends to all classes of public ministers who duly represent their sovereign or their State; it attaches to all those who really and properly belong to the household of the ambassador; it applies to whatever is necessary for the discharge of his functions; it entitles him to exemption from all criminal proceedings, and to freedom from arrest in all civil suits; his private effects, his papers and correspondence, are inviolable; these rights attach from the moment he sets his foot in the country to which he is sent (provided previous notice of his mission has been given) or, in any case, from the

moment of the production of his credentials : finally, Phillimore lays it down that they extend, in time of peace, to transit through a third country, but that, in time of war, an ambassador cannot be secure from imprisonment without a previously obtained permission to pass ; in no case, however, can his life be taken, unless, indeed, he exercises hostilities. Such are the prerogatives of inviolability which Phillimore describes as "resting on the basis of natural law, and therefore immutable."

For a definition of his second class of privileges — those which he comprises under the head of "extritoriality" — we will refer to that most practical and useful book, Block's "*Dictionnaire de la Politique*," which explains this barbarous word with a simplicity and a clearness rarely found amongst writers on the subject. It says : "Exterritoriality means the right possessed by the representatives of foreign powers to live in the country to which they are accredited under the laws of the country to which they belong. Foreign sovereigns, and all diplomatic envoys who represent sovereigns or States, enjoy therefore an immunity from local jurisdiction under this right of extritoriality. The sovereign who is temporarily on the territory of another power, is nevertheless considered, by a fiction of international law, to be still in his own territory, and continues to possess all the prerogatives inherent to his sovereignty. This privilege does not extend to princes and princesses of reigning houses, but it is granted to ambassadors and other diplomatic agents, because, to a certain point, they represent the person of the sovereign whose powers they hold ; they are supposed, for the entire duration of their mission, to have never quitted the State which sent them. This fiction extends to the wives and children of ambassadors, to the persons of their suite, and even to their personal property." Most of the continental legists adopt this "fiction" as the one real source of inviolability, as well as of all other privileges ; they do not separate inviolability and extritoriality, like Phillimore, but make one subject of the two, giving the first place to the latter. This distinction is of no real importance to ordinary eyes ; but it supplies an opportunity for discussion, of which the authors joyfully avail themselves.

In examining the detail of the rights which compose inviolability, Phillimore

lays it down that an ambassador can neither be punished nor arrested for any crime against life or property (including murder) ; and that even for conspiracy against the Government or sovereign of the State to which he is accredited, "no judicial process can be put in motion against the representative of a foreign sovereign." All that the State can do is to "secure the person of the ambassador, and remove him from the borders, and . . . insist upon his being tried by the tribunals, or the proper authorities, of his own country." This definition is, however, opposed by many writers, both ancient and modern, who maintain that, in certain special contingencies, a Government is justified in judging an ambassador for murder or conspiracy. The safest opinion to hold about it is to have none at all ; for even if such a case were to present itself in any country, it would be dealt with, and decided, solely according to the ideas prevailing in that country ; the precedent so caused would not, of necessity, engage any other country, and the difficulty would probably remain as open as before. In theory, diplomatic inviolability is unlimited ; but whether it would be found to be so everywhere in practice, is a question which it is prudent not to attempt to solve.

As to the less important privileges grouped by Phillimore under the head of "extritoriality," there is not so much difference of opinion. By those privileges an ambassador is freed from all civil responsibility ; his person, and the persons of his family, the secretaries and *attachés* of his embassy, cannot be pursued, and his servants participate, though in a less degree, in this immunity ; his house and carriage are inviolable ; his personal property cannot be seized ; he is exempt from all taxation, national or municipal, and, in many countries, he enjoys freedom from excise and customs duties. These exemptions are not, however, altogether universal in their application ; there are exceptions to them. They do not extend, and never have extended, to real property, or to any property represented by the ambassador as a trustee, or to any goods, property, or money belonging to him as a trader. Furthermore, he loses his prerogative for the moment if he becomes plaintiff in a cause, for he thereby accepts local jurisdiction as regards this cause, and renders himself liable to counter-demands, and to condemnation in costs if his suit fails.

In many countries certain of these

privileges are not simply "hallowed by usage," but are rendered executable by special legislation. In England a law was passed in Queen Anne's reign (it has been alluded to in the story about Mathwesi) in order to precisely fix ambassadorial rights, and the punishment of persons who infringe them. An analogous enactment was adopted in the United States in 1790. In France, though there is no special statute on the subject, diplomatic immunities were declared inviolable by the Constituent Assembly in 1789. In Spain, there are several laws upon the matter. In Russia, it is prescribed that all complaints against members of the diplomatic body must be transmitted to the Foreign Office. In Austria and in Prussia, the law says that all members of an embassy shall enjoy the privileges attributed to them by the principles of international law. In Bavaria, in Holland, and in Denmark, the code exempts all persons enjoying ambassadorial rights from the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the country. The right of importing duty free any articles required for the use of the ambassador or embassy is subject to different regulations in different countries. In Russia, it is limited to objects introduced during the first year of residence; in England and in France it is unlimited, subject to the formality of asking permission of the Government on each occasion; several nations commute it by the payment of a sum of money. In no case do immunities extend to any property unconnected with the diplomatic character, such as tolls or postage.

There ends the catalogue of the still existing privileges of an ambassador; all the others have gradually died out, though very few of them have been distinctly abrogated; those that remain are so reasonable, so thoroughly in harmony with the views now entertained of international politeness, that there seems to be no reason why they should not last on indefinitely, unless, indeed, new conditions of political existence should rise up, and change those views. And this probability of duration leads us to a question which, though curious, has been little noticed by the authors — Is it competent to an ambassador to descend into common life, and to voluntarily abandon his prerogatives? Villefort, who was for some time legal adviser to the French Foreign Office, has made a special study of this point, and his opinion is, that though an ambassador is perfectly entitled to per-

mit himself to be judged by the civil tribunals of the country in which he lives, it is altogether beyond his power to give up his immunities in a criminal case. There are many instances of the acceptance of civil jurisdiction by diplomatists, and of their appearance in civil courts both as plaintiffs and defendants; but the reports do not seem to contain one single example of their voluntary admission of criminal jurisdiction against themselves. Such of the European legists as have touched the question agree that an ambassador cannot yield upon it; but Wheaton, the great representative of the American school, asserts that "he may renounce every privilege to which he is entitled by the public law;" and as Wheaton makes no exception to the application of this view, he consequently leads us to suppose that, in his judgment, an ambassador really can permit himself to be tried for a criminal offence. As all these details are mere matters of opinion, nobody can positively prove that Mr. Wheaton is in the wrong; but there does seem to be more reason in the argument of M. Villefort, that "the situation of prisoner in a criminal proceeding is evidently incompatible with the character of representative of a foreign power." Anyhow, no ambassador can, under any circumstances, resign his privileges without permission from his sovereign, even if he wishes himself to do so; for he holds those privileges through his sovereign, and not as a personal possession. That detail is, however, somewhat outside the question; it is domestic, not international, although its application is real and constant, as was proved a few years ago, when a well-known ambassador had to obtain authority from his imperial master to waive the immunities of his position before he could fight a duel on an island of the Rhine. But, after all, whatever be the true theory in the matter, it is scarcely likely that — as diplomatic nature is only human nature with a bigger name — we shall ever see any willingness on the part of envoys to abandon the strict maintenance of their prerogatives. On the contrary, they are more likely to do what mankind always does when it gets a chance — seek for opportunities of taking more; and this disposition is especially likely to show itself in the present case, if it can; for, to quote another phrase from Villefort, "In this matter of diplomatic immunities, practice has always tended to exaggerate the law, which tendency is not surpris-



ing when it is considered that privileges are precisely the sort of rights which are always trying to grow bigger." The real interest of the question lies not so much in itself — although it certainly is odd — as in the fact that it suddenly opens up a glimpse into the inner depths of the mysteries of prerogative, — a glimpse which we obtain from no other standpoint ; a glimpse which strikes us with the deepest awe, for it at last shows to us the true immensity of rights which, perhaps, cannot be given up by their possessors — which, it may be, stick to them whether they will or not. From this light those privileges remind us of that other equally indelible faculty, "the tongue that can never lie," which was offered by the fairy queen to Thomas the Rhymer, but which he, most practically, declined to accept, as being altogether too inconvenient. Whatever be the feeling with which ambassadors regard their privileges, they would probably take the same ground as Thomas about the tongue, and, if it were proposed to them, would reject it, doubtless, just as he did, and for the self-same reason.

If, after this long look into details, we stand back a little and contemplate diplomatic privileges as a whole, we find ourselves instinctively disposed to entertain respect for them. They certainly are not mainly nonsense, like so many other of the manifestations of the pride of nations: they are based on reason, in some degree at least; they have ceased to present any outrageous features; nobody complains of them, and no reformer has yet suggested that they be swept away. These are a good many merits for one subject to possess: few forms of international relationship can show such an accumulation of motives for existence; few ancient practices have adapted themselves more skilfully to present exigencies. But with all the veneration which we, consequently, cannot fail to feel for so rare and so remarkable an institution, it is impossible to resist the temptation to simultaneously laugh at it some little; not with unrestricted, riotous hilarity — which would be altogether unbecoming towards so decorous, so highly placed a usage — but with that subdued deferential mirth which has just room to place itself between awe and criticism. Nothing stands so high, in our time, as to be absolutely beyond the reach of a gentle smile. We have lived to see audacious people dare to converse sportively of the Geographical Society, Home Rule, and

Convocation. Why, then, should diplomatists add to their immunities an exemption from this universal risk? As no answer can be made to such a question, it was, perhaps, a waste of words to put it; but at all events, it was courteous to inquire whether any objection could be offered before we proceed to indicate the less serious aspects of the system of prerogatives.

At first sight it seems that such a system must confer many real advantages on those who profit by it — so many and so real, indeed, that they look more like material satisfactions than political distinctions. If that impression were correct, diplomatic privileges should be classed with money, beauty, dinners, and the other good things of this life, rather than amongst the prerogatives of monarchs and the rights of Governments. Such an impression would, however, be illusory; for these enormous franchises, which appear so huge on paper, are of very little service in reality. They produce a dazzling effect to look at, but so do fireworks; and there is not much more solid substance in the one than in the other. Very few of us are in the habit of requiring exemption from either civil or criminal jurisdiction. The majority of people live and die without ever having seen a judge or the interior of a law court; and it would be most unjust to the diplomatists of our epoch to suppose that they have a special faculty, peculiar to themselves, for getting into difficulties with the code. Most of them are, on the contrary, of the most obedient and peaceable dispositions, and set the world an excellent example of placid good behaviour. The result is, that though these immunities from justice would be of the utmost value to housebreakers, forgers, and assassins, they are of no kind of utility to ambassadors. They are given to the wrong people; they are about as serviceable, habitually, to the representatives of States, as spectacles to a blind man, a penknife to a blackbird, or modesty to a poet. This being so, we are forced to recognize either that these privileges have always been purely decorative since their origin, or else that, when they were first established, ambassadors did need to be protected against jurisdiction. Judging from the stories which have come down to us, it would seem as if the latter of these theories were the more probable of the two, though it supplies a most lamentable explanation of the starting-point of this category



of prerogatives. We cannot be expected to seriously believe, whatever the legists may say about it, that these immunities were originally bestowed out of pure compliment to foreign sovereigns and their representatives. Kings were in those days far too absolute, and held far too resolutely to the maintenance of their authority, to have resigned one atom of their power without good reason; and the good reason was—as we must unhappily presume—that their envoys were in the habit of getting violent, and therefore would have been in constant danger of imprisonment and beheading, if they had not been protected by immunities against the consequences of their vehemence. As this necessity was universal—the gentlemen of the period being addicted, without distinction of nationality, to blows and manslaughter, and sometimes even to a little robbery on good occasions—it followed that all monarchs were equally interested in providing for the safety of their representatives, and therefore granted to the representatives of other potentates the protection which they needed for their own. The lawbooks do not own this: they prefer to talk of the “inalienable prerogative of the public minister,” of the “sacred character of these delegates of royalty;” but these pompous wordings, if applicable to the present (about which we may be allowed to indulge a glimmering doubt), are certainly not accurately descriptive of the past. The real story of the beginnings of these privileges is manifestly the one which we have just presumed to sketch. It may be disagreeable to the worshippers of prerogative, but it is truer than their enthusiastic fancies.

If, however, this part of the privileges possessed by diplomatists is now practically of no use to them, and if, furthermore, the inviolability of their footmen, drawing-rooms, broughams, and letter-bags, no longer confers upon them a greatness beyond the reach of other men, it must be owned that, in the faculty of importing foreign goods duty free, they do possess a most delightful and most evident superiority over the non-diplomatic crowd. Conceive the matchless joy of being able to scoff legally at the Custom House! Conceive the triumph of “doing,” every day, that natural and hereditary foe of modern man! It really must be well worth while to be an ambassador, to acquire the power of giving one's self that ineffable satisfaction. And yet, by one of those inexplicable contra-

dictions which one observes in human nature, the proprietors of this exceptional and most enviable faculty scarcely ever utilize it! One would naturally have supposed that they would keep on at it always, not only for the pleasure of the process, but somewhat also to make the Custom House atone, by torturing it with the spectacle of their perpetual undutied imports, for its cruelties to the outside universe. But, strangely, they do not. They simply ask leave to bring in what they really want, in a quite honest fashion, and evidently in no way feel that it is their bounden duty to act as the avengers of mankind, and to wound and worry the common enemy while they can.

This is a most distressing consequence of the progress of public honesty; and it is a totally insufficient consolation to be assured that ambassadors do, at all events, import for nothing their own and their friends' cigars, and thereby prove the strict exactness of the assertion which was made at the commencement of this article, that diplomatic privileges now mean, in practice, little more than the power of smoking untaxed tobacco. Whether the right of inviting the sovereign to dinner should be counted as one more real advantage, depends entirely on one's view of the charm of royal society. We need not attempt to solve the proposition; and it is the less necessary to try to do so, for the good reason that the power in question does not belong to plenipotentiaries in general, but is exclusively reserved to ambassadors properly so called—that is to say (excluding England, where the right seems to be in abeyance), to twenty-seven gentlemen in Continental capitals. Perhaps, indeed, this illustrious faculty ought not to be alluded to here at all—for the authors, most discreetly, do not presume to speak of it; they pass it over, in respectful silence, as being a private mystery, not a public right.

It is possible that the dignitaries directly interested may find other joys and other merits in the liberties attached to their exalted situation—it is possible that they may consider all those liberties to be practically effective as well as ornamentally honorific; but, if so, we cannot follow them. We have proclaimed already that their rights are indispensable, and that there is no reason why any one of them should be withdrawn; but the conviction that they are necessary does not lead us to admit that they are real. From this point of view they resemble

wigs, crinolines, Mrs. Harris, and wooden legs, all of which, like diplomatic privileges, combine the conflicting characters of necessity and unreality. This want of substantiality is indeed the chief feature of prerogatives as they now stand. Because they were once an indisputable fact, we imagine that they are so still; because they loom large in history, we allow ourselves to fancy that their effectiveness is not much diminished in the present; because lawyers go on writing solemn books about them, we suppose that they are still in regular operation: and yet, when we look closely at them, we observe that, as manners are now constituted, these sonorous privileges, which were once so formidable, have ceased to be anything but an empty though thoroughly justifiable vanity.

The time of privileges is past, not because they are no longer logical or useful in certain cases, but because education is levelling ranks and habits with such rapidity that it is becoming very difficult to utilize a privilege if we have one. In this case we maintain prerogatives in name, not only from old custom, but from reason; but we are becoming more and more unable to keep them up in practice. Perhaps the day will come when every citizen will be able to import regalias without duty, and to ask monarchs to his parties; but even if those two faculties should continue to remain, for all time, the exclusive property of ambassadors, the inequality will not be very flagrant, and will scarcely justify the nations of the earth in making revolutions and upsetting constitutions in order to put it down.

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From Temple Bar.

# A DREAM STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

## I.

MONSIEUR FURET stands suddenly upright, and plants his spade firmly into the dry brown mould.

The church clock has just struck twelve, its quaint picturesque spire so overlooks his garden that he has only to raise his eyes to see how time is going. For though Monsieur Furet bears all the marks of a well-to-do man about him, he is his own gardener.

He has the look of a rich, matter-of-fact, common-sense citizen; but you need

only glance at his garden to be sure that Monsieur Furet, *ex-avocat*, present *propriétaire* of one of the most charming little estates in the neighbourhood of Villequier, is also a man of taste.

The centre bed of his garden is planted with small pyramidal pear-trees, their graceful branches laden with young fruit, and round about there is a perfect dazzle of scarlet geraniums and an edging of silvery leaves with white blossoms; the broad border which runs under the old grey wall, overlooked by the church spire, is gay with China roses and bunches of rosy sweet peas and blue larkspur and orange coreopsis, and the wall itself is almost covered with the purple blossoms of virgin's bower, over which the graceful leaves hang as if they were trying to get off the wall and fall on the earth below.

Monsieur Furet has been loosening the earth round the roots of his roses, and he stands with his back to the centre plot and also to a border parallel to the one at which he works; but there are no flowers here except those on the althæa bushes, which show out rosily among a well grouped array of evergreens.

On his right is the pride of Monsieur Furet's heart, his *rocher*; to English taste a cockneyified heap of stones, piled together as nature would hardly pile them, and surmounted by a growth of lady-fern, with smaller varieties and some rock plants nestling in the crevices; on his left is his house, a plain, dull, square stone building, green with age and damp.

Monsieur Furet's house is pleasantly placed, but it is at the bottom of the steep hill, on which both the *château* and the mill stand; a green ditch runs behind the shrubberied wall, and in the field behind the tall sycamores which overshadow the rockery is a deep and stagnant pool.

Looking at the dismal moss-grown house, and then going into the field and seeing the pool half-filled with branches fallen from the trees above, over which water-weeds are clinging in shroud-like fashion, you begin to dream of secret murder committed some time and hidden in the silent pool, and of pale ghosts who walk the lonely house; but your ghostly thoughts fly at the plump round figure that has just advanced to the back door, and stands there filling up the entrance, with a broad stumpy brown hand planted on each hip. Only her red face, her hands, and her snowy cap, with its strings pinned across each other over her forehead, relieve her from the dark passage

behind; for both gown and apron are black, or rather of that greenish hue which indicates thrift and also cleanliness in the wearer. Yes, Marguerite's black gown has been washed many a time, and looks none the fresher for it as to colour.

Her fat double chin waggles as she watches Monsieur Furet.

"But what then has he — to leave off work half an hour too soon? Aha! Maître Joseph! there is something going on thou art keeping from Margot!"

Monsieur Furet turns and comes towards her. He is a tall erect man, who would be good-looking, spite of his wrinkles, if his face were not so stern. It might be carved in wood or stone, it is so hard and expressionless, except for the wrinkles on his forehead and round his mouth; there is an absence of flesh, the smooth yellow skin seems strained on the small bones. Also you must be a very keen observer indeed if you can note any intelligible change in those dull grey eyes which gaze at you so steadily; they are in colour like steel over which one has breathed. Perhaps they were bright once, when Monsieur Furet was young and poor and active in the race of life.

Margot never questions her master, but she feels very inquisitive to-day. There has been a restlessness about Monsieur Furet, and Margot wonders — more with a half contempt at her own credulity than in combat with any real belief — whether Jacques Mouton was in earnest when he teased her on Sunday after vespers.

"But Jacques is an ill-natured old cripple," she says; "folks who have lost something themselves are willing enough to put the fear of losing something into their neighbours' noddles. My master is the cleverest man for miles around; it is not likely he will turn fool at sixty, just for the fine eyes of a chit like Eugénie Rousset. Bah, bah, bah! Jacques is one ape, and I am another to listen to his nonsense."

"Marguerite!" Monsieur Furet has that voice which seems peculiar to Frenchmen; a voice with a certain greasy readiness in it, as if the speaker kept his words in his mouth, and tumbled them out one over another in his eagerness to utter them.

"Marguerite, I will have my bread and radishes at once. I have to make a visit of ceremony."

"*A la bonne heure!*" The house-keeper's curiosity is at fever-heat, but she keeps down any outward show of it.

"Monsieur will then want his holiday suit and his new boots?"

Monsieur Furet's dull eyes close at each corner, as if he were enjoying a joke and meant to keep it to himself.

"My friend," he says quietly, "I asked but for radishes and bread, and those I want at once."

He pushes by the *ménagère* into the long dark passage, and Marguerite can only vent her feelings by shrugging her shoulders and by an expressive grimace lavished freely on the scarlet geranium bed.

## II.

THE mill of Villequier has a reputation. It is no mere ordinary windmill, with picturesque sails signing the four winds with the cross as they put them in motion. Neither is it a watermill, with treacherous smooth green pool and tiny cascades foaming off the mossy grotesque old wheels. The mill of Villequier looks like a substantial brick house, standing in green orchards, near the top of the lofty *côte*. There is nothing outside to give token of the occupation carried on within except in the huge pile of empty sacks under an open shed some little way down the slope. There is a cider-press in this shed, and a sunny-faced country lad in a blouse is sweeping the trough of this with a broom. There are brown and white cows grazing peacefully under the apple-trees, scenting the air with their fragrant breath, and on the narrow upward path to the mill cocks and hens strut as if they were on parade and wished to be looked at. The path itself is only marked out in the grass by cart ruts, and the ascent is somewhat steep. Monsieur Furet stops to breathe when he reaches the open shed and looks about him with complacency.

"If Rousset does not fritter away his money in machinery, Mademoiselle Eugénie will have a good portion, besides her charming face and figure." And a smile wrinkles round his mouth — a smile that does not suit with so old a face, or rather a smile which is incongruous because it has in it the mingling of age and youth.

"Is madame at home?" he says to the boy with the sunny face.

"*Mais oui, monsieur.*" The boy pulls off his black cap with much show of respect; to himself he says, as Monsieur Furet passes on,

"As if every one does not know that

the mistress is always at home. *Allez!* She could not be spared."

The cocks and hens are scared by monsieur's stick, which he strikes against the ground at every step, and they set up a crowing and cackling duet. A huge dog, chained out of sight behind the fag-got stacks, barks furiously, and the miller's wife comes to the top of the flight of stone steps that lead up to the house.

Madame Rousset was, perhaps, pretty, twenty years ago. Now her round peach-coloured cheeks show a brick-dust red through their floury coating; and her blue eyes are dimmed by the floury condition of her long light eyelashes. She is a little soft bundle of a woman, with a mouth only made to say yes.

"*Mon Dieu!* it is then Monsieur Furet who does me the honour to climb the hill to pay me a visit!" Then in a shrill cry, "*Marie! Eugénie!*" Madame Rousset has the customary briskness of a small woman, spite her soft looks, and she turns round to see if her call is heard. A freckled sandy-haired girl with a close linen cap and a wide grinning mouth, comes out of a low green door on the right of the steps.

"*Tenez, madame.*" Marie is wiping her hands on her apron while she speaks. "Ma'm'selle Eugénie has not yet come back from Bolbec;" and then, having dried her hands, she plants them on her hips and stands with arms akimbo, gazing at her mistress as if this piece of forgetfulness was something unusual.

Madame Rousset claps her fat pink palm on her forehead.

"It is true. *Tiens*, Jeanneton, but thou art of a foolishness! and when the dear child has even said she should not come back till three o'clock — my memory is like flour. *Eh bien, Marie.*" She looks sharply at the gaping gawk, who is as much like a scarecrow as a girl. "Set two chairs out here and dust them; dust them twice, hearest thou? so that no flour may stick to the tails of monsieur's coat."

By this time monsieur is within hearing, and it is inconceivable that Marie should set up that shout of laughter at her mistress's words. Madame has become as red as a cider apple by the time the *avocat* greets her.

"Be welcome, monsieur, I beg of you." She smiles with hearty courtesy. "But it is desolating that neither Monsieur Rousset nor my daughter should be at home."

Monsieur Furet stands, hat in hand,

waiting for his excitable hostess to seat herself; but she does not understand his hesitation. Instead, she spins round like a cockchafer.

"Ah, but then it is possible that monsieur has made the ascent to see the *mécanique*? But it is wonderful — the *mécanique*."

She darts up the stone steps again into the house.

Monsieur Furet is perplexed, but he is glad to be able to wipe his forehead with the huge yellow handkerchief he keeps in his hat. He has hardly finished when madame comes back with a key. She speaks eagerly from the top of the steps:

"*Tenez, monsieur.* I can now show you all, from the *mécanique*, which is subterranean, to the rooms above. Ah, but it is wonderful! Does monsieur know why the flour of the mill of Villequier has a so great reputation? It is because, monsieur, it grinds seven times. I can show to monsieur flour of seven different degrees. The first, well understood, is brown, and the last — ah, *mon Dieu!* it is only fit for the angels. *Tenez*, monsieur, here is a sack ready to go up to the *château*."

She comes quickly down the steps, her well-floured face so far in advance of her body that it is wonderful she does not topple over, runs to the foremost of a row of sacks beyond the low green door, unties it, and comes back with a handful of exquisitely white flour.

She lifts her handful to the nose of Monsieur Furet before he sees her intention, and in an instant the subtle powder spreads, and his face is as white as that of Madame Rousset.

Hat, face, spotless coat and waistcoat, all receive more or less, and monsieur's countenance is rueful to behold.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* how giddy I am! Ah, monsieur, I am in despair! But wait an instant; I know a method."

She claps both hands together to free them of flour, thereby enveloping her visitor in a fresh white cloud, runs up the steps, and again is beside him with a huge brush, before he has time to get out a word.

"Ah, madame, I thank you a thousand times, but it is enough. I will not give you this trouble."

"*C'est ça, c'est ça.*" This in accompaniment to the vigorous brushings, under which Monsieur Furet's shoulders shrink not a little. "Monsieur is quite another thing now." Monsieur bows, but for some moments her tongue goes on click-

clack, keeping time with the brush; she gives him no chance of getting a word in. And now she seats herself, brush in hand, with a long gasp of fatigue. Her visitor gladly follows her example. "It is possible that monsieur will not care to mount to see the *mécanique* up above, as I have had the *maladresse* so to incommode him, and there is no denying that the stair-ladder is floury. Still, if monsieur has the slightest desire to go up—the view from the top is wonderful, all the way—all the way to *Le Trait*."

She makes a movement to rise from her chair; but at this, his first opportunity, monsieur lays his hand on her arm and clears his throat.

"Madame," he bows profoundly, "do not disturb yourself, I beg. My business is with you absolutely, and not with the mill. I have no sister, madame, no female relative; so it is necessary that I speak for myself. Madame," he bows again, "I ask your permission to pay my court to your daughter, Mademoiselle Eugénie Rousset."

Madame Rousset's eyelids have winked so rapidly during this precisely spoken proposal that she has shaken some of the flour from her light eyelashes into her eyes. This sets them smarting, and she rubs them with her pink knuckles.

This demonstration puzzles the suitor. He has risen and removed his hat, and now he stands with it in his hand, half sheepish, half angered.

Madame Rousset looks at him and she smiles.

"*Hé!* but monsieur must pardon the flour, for it is in my eyes at this moment. Monsieur must not think I am insensible to the great honour he wishes to confer on our daughter, only," she puts her head on one side and screws up the suffering eyes, "I ask myself if monsieur knows how young is our Eugénie. She is but seventeen, monsieur."

"Madame," monsieur says coldly, "if you object I withdraw my pretensions. I am willing to make your daughter the richest woman in Villequier and to join my interests with those of Monsieur Rousset in his building schemes. I make no objection to your daughter's youth, and your husband, who is a sensible man, will make none either. I am not young, but I am hale and hearty, and I have never had a day's illness."

Monsieur Furet puts on his hat and looks sternly at the little bundle of a woman; his profession has taught him how to deal with Madame Rousset.

"But indeed, monsieur, a thousand pardons, but monsieur does not understand. I could not intend to make any reflection on the suitability of monsieur as a husband for my little girl; it is only that Eugénie is so young and so much of a child that she is hardly suited to be a companion for monsieur, and —"

Monsieur seats himself again and waves his hand with dignity.

"I am the best judge on this point, madame. Then I may suppose that you are willing for this alliance, and that I am at liberty to make the business arrangements with your respectable husband? I believe," he smiles, "it is the mamma who really decides these questions."

A look of doubt comes into madame's eyes; but they are still full of flour, so their expression is not noticeable, as they blink every instant and are swimming with water, but Madame Rousset is desirous to maintain her prerogative in the eyes of her daughter's suitor.

"Yes, yes, monsieur is quite right," she says quickly, "the mamma decides."

Then Monsieur Furet offers his thanks, settles next day for a formal presentation to his future wife, and after a little more talk takes his leave and departs.

### III.

Two hours pass by, and then comes the grate-grate of cart wheels on the stony road.

"*Sainte Vierge!*" The miller's wife runs to an upper window which commands a view of the road. "Is this the father or Eugénie? and how am I to tell them what I have promised? It is possible they may not consent, and then what shall I do?"

She comes down to meet her husband with a very scared face.

The miller is a broad-cheeked jolly Norman, with a half-shut corner to each of his blue eyes. He looks genial and good-tempered, but he also looks capable of making an excellent bargain. His face is more serious than usual as he comes up the steps, and his wife sees this and feels yet more nervous.

He does not come into the house; he stands lounging against the door-post. There is discontent on his face.

His wife looks at him anxiously. She waits till he has lit his pipe. "What is it then, Jacques?"

"Ah, what is it, Jeanneton? It is always the same want. I have seen to-day at Bolbec an improvement on our *méca-*



*nique*. Monsieur le Baron de Derville has just procured it from England. Ah ! but it is an improvement that I must have at any price. In a year's time I would count my sacks by sixties where I now count twenties, if I could find the money to obtain it for the mill."

Madame Rousset could not have said why she had felt anxious that Monsieur Furet's suit should find favour with her husband. Certainly it would be pleasant to hear her daughter called "the richest woman in Villequier," but this is only a new and temporary idea; for she worships Eugénie, and shrinks from the thought of losing her. Why then does her weak nature leap up in joy at hearing her husband's words?

"It could not have come at a better time," she thinks, with prodigious relief. "Monsieur Furet will lend him the money, no doubt, if Jacques consents to the marriage."

"I have had a visitor," she says shyly.

Jacques feels aggrieved. He is accustomed to sympathy from the foolish little woman. He gives a twist with his shoulders, turns away sulkily, and goes on smoking.

"Yes indeed, a suitor for our Eugénie, who wishes to see thee on business, and to join his interests with thine. What dost thou think of Monsieur Furet?"

Jacques takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks at his wife to see if her wits are straying.

"Yes, Monsieur Furet;" Madame Rousset bridles, and smooths down her apron with both hands; "and he proposes to make our Eugénie the richest woman in Villequier, if she will be his wife." She gives a quick glance in her husband's face and sees a shrinking there. "I said Eugénie is too young, but Monsieur Furet said she was old enough; he bade me ask thee when he could talk to thee about business."

"The agent who brought the machinery goes back to England next week," says Rousset to himself; the struggle of dislike that came at the thought of his lovely little daughter and Monsieur Furet yields as he pictures to himself the results to his mill.

"Aha!" he says, aloud, "the miller of Caudebec will learn to laugh the other side of his mouth when he sees my sacks everywhere. Why, I shall be king of the country-side!"

"*Eh bien*, Jacques, *mon homme*, when?"

Jacques turns and slaps her gaily on the shoulder:

"When, my girl? Why, there's no time like the present. I'm going to see Monsieur Furet now."

He turns away to go down the steps and stops suddenly.

At the foot of the steps is a young girl, blue-eyed and fair-haired like her parents, but with the liquid softness in her eyes and the exquisite bloom on her skin of sweet seventeen. Eugénie is much taller than her mother, and has a well-shaped well-rounded figure; she wears a sprigged cambric gown, a black jacket, and a white muslin full-bordered cap tied under her chin.

"Thou art home first, my father," she says merrily. "Well, I was so tired of Madame Giraud's cart, that I slipped out and came across the fields. Pierrot will bring my marketing. Why," she goes off into a ringing laugh, "mother, what hast thou done to our father? He looks as if he saw a ghost!"

Madame Rousset slips past her husband, comes down the steps, and kisses Eugénie on both cheeks and then on her forehead, to give Jacques time to recover himself.

He stands with his mouth still open; but by the time his wife has ended her kisses he stuffs both hands, pipe and all, under his blouse into the pockets of his trousers, and clears his throat.

"*Allons*, Jeanneton," he says, "I am going into the kitchen, and thou canst bring Eugénie there. The child must not be kept in the dark."

It is an effort to say this, for the new machinery draws him like a magnet; but spite of his love of money-making, Jacques Rousset loves his little girl better than any other part of his life.

He seats himself in a broad-backed easy-chair, and beckons to Eugénie as soon as she appears.

"*Tiens, la petite*," He winks at her pleasantly with his sly eyes. "What dost thou say to a husband? *tiens*!"—and he goes off into a suppressed laugh.

But Madame Rousset's sense of fitness is outraged.

"*Tais-toi donc, maladroite*!" She frowns her dusty eyebrows at the miller, and sidles up to Eugénie.

"Ah, but it is no wonder the dear child blushes and looks frightened—just a husband. *Mon Dieu*! He might be any *vaurien*. Look up then, my lily, and listen; thy father should have said that

a gentleman, a distinguished gentleman" — here Eugénie raises her drooping head, and looks interested — "the best *parti* in Villequier" — madame smooths down her apron and simpers, "so admires our Eugénie, that he will not be happy till she consents to become the richest woman in the neighbourhood."

Eugénie's face clouds.

"The richest?" she thinks. "Ah, it is only the old who are rich." Aloud, she says saucily, "My mother is telling fairy tales. Who is this wonderful suitor?"

Jacques opens his mouth, but his wife claps her hand over it.

"It is the owner of the beautiful garden, Monsieur Furet. Aha, my Eugénie! thou wilt always wear silk and eat white bread, and drink wine instead of cider. *Mon Dieu!* what good fortune!"

She runs on as fast as she can, for her daughter's pale face frightens her.

Eugénie turns her back on her mother and puts her hand on the miller's shoulder.

"My father," she says, simply, "Monsieur Furet is an old man and — I do not want to marry."

"Go away, Jeanneton," says the miller, angrily, and in his heart he mutters, "It is that chattering fool who has done the mischief."

Madame retreats in frightened silence, and then Jacques Rousset puts his arm round his daughter's waist.

"My little one" — there is a wonderful tenderness in the rough man's voice, a tenderness which no one but Eugénie knows of — "Monsieur Furet is of middle age — but he is a hale strong man, and he is kind and good also. See how near his house is to our mill; it will hardly be like leaving home. He can do more for thee, my beloved, than thy father can."

Eugénie has been looking earnestly at the miller, and she sees that he avoids her direct glance. She is simple and sweet, but she has inherited some of her father's shrewdness; besides, she is Norman born, and she recalls the scared look with which he greeted her.

"Father, is it only because thou wishest to see me well married? There is another reason, is it not so?"

Jacques Rousset is keen and skilful at a bargain, but he is very inferior to his wife in the art of equivocation. A flush mounts to his forehead, and he looks troubled.

"Tell me everything, I ought to know

everything," Eugénie says coaxingly; and she kisses each of the broad cheeks.

"Well, my little one, I do not want to force thy inclination, but it seems to me that thou dost not care for any of our bachelors, even for Sylvestre or Victor" — Eugénie shakes her head, a little curve of disdain on her pretty lip — "and Monsieur Furet is excellent in every way — and — and — well, my child, thou hast guessed it," for Eugénie is smiling slyly into his eyes, "some of Furet's spare cash would enable me to buy the new *mécanique*, and that would make my fortune."

"Would it make thee happier?" she laughs mischievously. She is too full of youth and brightness to realize that she is jesting about her life's destiny.

"But yes, Eugénie," Jacques stands erect, holding his head rather higher than usual. "The man at the top of the ladder and the man at the bottom are equally content; but the man who has got half-way looks down and sees what he has done, and looks up and sees what is yet to do: there is no happiness until he reaches the top; and I am half-way up my ladder, my little girl."

But still Jacques feels in a false position, and makes no attempt to caress his daughter.

Eugénie stands thinking.

"It is all new and sudden, my father," she says. "I cannot say at once that I will marry Monsieur Furet. I cannot even say," she goes on quickly, for an eager hope shoots into her father's eyes, "that I will ever marry him; but I will try and think of it; and thou knowest, my father, I would do very much to please thee."

The sweet blue eyes are so tender as she says these words that Jacques turns away suddenly, and draws the sleeve of his blouse across his eyes.

#### IV.

It is Sunday. Madame Rousset and Eugénie have been already once down and up the steep green hill when they went to mass this morning; and now they are going to vespers, and after that to pay a visit to Monsieur Furet's garden.

Eugénie has often looked with longing eyes over the low stone wall at the lovely flowers, and she consented readily to accept the invitation which her father brought back from Monsieur Furet.

Jacques Rousset stands and watches mother and daughter as they walk side by side down the slope.

"What a bundle the old woman grows! Will my trim sprightly little girl ever grow like that? Well, the wheel goes round with us as with the machines. Ah! the machines—*dame!* but I did not think old Furet would have been so wide-awake. He is not so much in love as our Jeanneton thinks he is."

He ends with a growl. Yesterday, when he saw Monsieur Furet, he suggested as delicately as possible that his daughter was not anxious to marry, but that he, Jacques Rousset, was exceedingly rejoiced at the prospect of such a son-in-law. Monsieur bowed his thanks in reply, and then Monsieur Rousset changed the subject of conversation, and ended by introducing, as he thought, in an altogether casual way, the new machinery he had seen at Bolbec, and the immense advantages that would accrue to him as a miller if he could afford to purchase the like.

"The old fox!" Jacques stuffs his hands into his pockets and stamps. It was too exasperating to see him rub his smooth old hands together and say, "I wish you all success, monsieur. Then I am to understand that, although you cannot promise me your daughter, you permit me to try to win her favour?" He shrugs his shoulders impatiently, and paces down the slope as far as the shed. It is deserted to-day, and he seats himself on the rough wooden bench on which they chop fagots.

"Bah! bah! bah! After all the old fellow has tact and sense, and I can manage anything but a fool. No one can do that. It shows he knows something about women, that he should ask to introduce Eugénie to his house and garden when he introduced himself to her. He will make an easy-going, doating husband, no fear. The only thing I should like out of the arrangement is that square-faced, black-eyed *ménagère*. I believe she had been listening at the door."

He comes out of the shed and looks down the hill. The women are out of sight.

He would have been still more troubled if he had seen the dark eyes peering out of a little slit of a window of Monsieur Furet's house when the congregation straggles out of church.

Monsieur Furet has been to vespers, and he stands in the porch waiting for his visitors. He only makes Eugénie a profound bow, but he tucks Madame Rousset's hand under his arm, and leads her in triumph to his house. The en-

trance is plain and dull. A narrow path leads from the little gate, between two closely-clipped hedges. As Marguerite does not appear, monsieur takes a key out of his pocket and opens the door.

The long, dark, flagged passage entrance looks cold and cheerless. Eugénie steps down into it and she shivers; it feels damp; and as Monsieur Furet closes the door behind her the house seems like a prison.

Monsieur is surprised at the absence of his housekeeper; but he keeps a smiling countenance and throws open the door of his study. Eugénie has heard about the *avocat's* treasures, and she follows her mother into the quaint little room with a pretty flushed eagerness. It is quite a little museum; there is tapestry on the walls, and each of the chairs is an antique curiosity.

Monsieur Furet speaks for the first time to Eugénie.

"I have not the happiness of being acquainted with the taste of mademoiselle, so I hardly know what to show her. If mademoiselle affects real antiquities—and these, I confess, for me have the greatest charm—I have there"—he points to a row of shelves opposite the fireplace—"Roman amphoræ and Phœnician tiles, discovered at Lillebonne; those are Celtic remains from Evreux; and that"—he pointed to a bit of stone—"was brought from Ireland. But"—he gets so eager that his eyes brighten visibly—"it is possible that mademoiselle prefers these?"

Eugénie has looked with much disappointment at the rows of grey and red pots and tiles and broken bits he has indicated, only enlivened here and there by a small dark porphyry figure, or one in lapis lazuli. She sees much more to admire on the table full of old blue and white *faïence* he now shows her.

"But, monsieur," she says timidly, "why do you prize this more than the lovely porcelain they have in the shops at Rouen?"

"*Ma foi*, mademoiselle! but that is of our day; it has no speciality. It is the age and the rarity which makes this valuable."

"I could never like old things so well as new ones," says Eugénie saucily, as she turns away, perfectly unconscious of Monsieur Furet's confusion.

"Do not mind her," whispers Madame Rousset; "she is young and giddy. Take us to your garden; my child has a passion for flowers."

Monsieur bows, and leads the way into the garden.

Here it is so bright and full of sunshine, and the flowers are so full of lovely life and colour, that Eugénie feels at her ease again, and she smiles and looks happy.

Monsieur Furet gathers her a bunch of China roses, and she thanks him gratefully. He feels younger already in the light of those sweet soft glances, and his first embarrassment passes away. He talks to Eugénie about the flowers, and banters her so playfully about her mistakes — for she is very ignorant respecting them — that the girl forgets the dismal tomb-like house and the lonely study, full of “old things,” and thinks how charming it would be to have this garden for her own. Eugénie has a reverence for learning. Her father’s only fault, in her eyes, is that he never looks at a book or a newspaper; and as she listens to Monsieur Furet’s gentle talk — now of the special properties of a plant, now of the singular circumstance which led to its discovery, now narrating some old Norman legend — time goes by, and still Eugénie paces up and down the garden beside her host, and listens with interest to his talk. She has not only to listen. He sets himself to draw her out, and grows fascinated by her fresh simplicity. She has quite lost her shyness. Her mother got tired some time ago, and sat down on a huge green Chinese seat, just outside the kitchen window. Monsieur has forgotten everything but Eugénie, or he would surely summon Margot to entertain Madame Rousset; he would wonder, too, what has become of the *ménagère*, generally all too forward in the presence of visitors. But he is in love, with all the fond foolishness of love at fifty-five; he cannot lose a glance of those sweet blue eyes, a curve of those red smiling lips, and his homage is so earnest, yet so gentle and respectful, that it fascinates Eugénie. It is wonderful, she thinks, that a gentleman and a scholar like Monsieur Furet should take so much kind trouble to amuse her.

Monsieur Furet pauses in front of the *rocher* and the grove of sycamores.

“I have a *potager* behind,” he says, “and beyond that are two fields, so that I have room for a cow and a pony. Will you like to see my cow?”

“If you please, monsieur.” And then Eugénie feels a pang of conscience. “But my mother will be tired,” she says; “we have left her so long alone.”

Monsieur Furet is in fresh delight. Here is a new proof of Eugénie’s goodness, and the “we” pleases him.

“Wait a moment,” he says; “I will, with mademoiselle’s permission, call my housekeeper, Margot, so that Madame Rousset may be no longer alone, and I will return and conduct mademoiselle to my cow.”

He bows and leaves her.

“I shall not wait,” says Eugénie. “I think exploring a strange place alone is great fun. I am only afraid of a dog, and monsieur would have told me if there had been a dog.”

She goes quickly through the trees; they are planted so closely that the path is damp and moss-grown. The kitchen garden is on the right, but this does not interest her. She passes on through a swing-gate which ends the path, and finds herself suddenly in the field beside the stagnant pool. The trees throw long branches across the water, and choke it with fallen leaves; here and there a gnarled, twisted, writhing limb has fallen in, and over all the scum and the water-weeds cling close in foul embrace.

Something in the dull choked water makes Eugénie pause; then she shudders and turns back to the swing-gate.

A woman is opening it, and as she advances quickly towards her Eugénie recognizes the housekeeper. She has never spoken to Marguerite, but she knows her by sight: she has often seen the broad red face in the doorway of Monsieur Furet. The housekeeper is as pale now as nature will permit her to be. She nods familiarly to Eugénie, and looks at her till the girl’s eyes drop beneath the fixed gaze.

“*Bon jour*, mademoiselle.” Marguerite’s face relaxes into a sudden smile. She has changed her tactics. Something in the girl’s face tells her that insolence is not a safe weapon.

“*Tiens!*” but why then has mademoiselle left the pretty flowers, to look at this dark pond?” Marguerite gives a little shiver of fear, and turns away.

Eugénie looks again at the water, and again the same weird horror chills her.

“Why, then,” she speaks aloud, but as much to herself as to the housekeeper, “does Monsieur Furet keep this black, unwholesome water so near his house? It would be better filled up.”

For an instant Margot’s eyes are fiendish. “She is mistress already, is she?” she says to herself.

“It cannot be filled up, mademoiselle;

it has been tried, but the water wells out again; it is like the stain of blood on a floor; ah! *mon Dieu!*" she crosses herself; "as I said to mademoiselle but now, this is no place for a bright young lady."

She keeps her eyes fixed on Eugénie's scared face, and opens the gate that she may pass through, but the girl draws back.

"Do you mean that anything has happened in that pool?" Then, as the awful horror in Marguerite's face confirms her own ghastly fear, she cries out in terror: "Some one is drowned there, and you know it! Some one lies there still!"

Margot is beside her in an instant. She grasps the young girl's arm tightly, and lays her broad brown palm on Eugénie's quivering mouth.

"Silence, mademoiselle, if you do not want to ruin me!" Then she takes her hand away, and wrings it in the other. "It is a secret, and Monsieur Furet will not have it known in Villequier; but then it is not I who have told mademoiselle; it is she who has herself guessed it."

Eugénie hurries through the gate, and when Margot has followed her she closes it, and then draws a deep breath, as if she now felt in safety.

"Tell me who it was," Eugénie whispers, and stands still under the sycamore trees.

"It was the wife of the last proprietor. But mademoiselle must never tell a soul; if it were talked of again in Villequier a curse would cling to the property. He was a cousin of my master, and his first wife died in her youth. Well, mademoiselle, in those days there were plenty of visitors going and coming, and the house did not look green and tomb-like as it now does; but when his wife died the young man shut himself up and would not see a soul. At the end of thirty years he goes away to the south; he had cousins there, and soon, very soon indeed, he comes back with a fine young wife. Well, you see, mademoiselle, the master was no longer young, and he had got into fixed ways—an old man should not marry a young woman. She was gay and she loved company, he wanted his wife for himself; he saw no use in having in young ones for her to frolic with. Well, she tried coaxing, and then pouting; and then, no one knows what had happened, but one morning quite early she came running through these trees, in her white night-gown, all her long black hair flying over her shoulders, and

she plunged into the pool. It is deep, mademoiselle, how deep no one knows, and it is said there are large holes in it; certainly she was never seen again, in life or in death, and since then the pool has been as you see it."

Eugénie's face has grown paler and paler, but as the housekeeper ends her wits come back.

"But, if no one knows this, how can you be sure it happened?" She looks very incredulous.

"*Voilà!* that is the whole matter." The black eyes wink with excitement. "It is my mother, mademoiselle, who has been housekeeper to the relation of Monsieur Furet, and though it was talked of at first it was forgotten; she kept the secret close; and it has been, perhaps, for that reason, among others, that monsieur has chosen me to be his housekeeper when he came to live here."

"I wonder you could stay," says Eugénie, dreamily.

"*Dame!* mademoiselle, the pond is far enough, and the house is pleasant enough for me. I have harmed no one, so why should I fear ghosts? If the poor young lady's conscience had been clear she would not have drowned herself, perhaps." She checks herself by a strong effort; she longs to say something on the sin of a young girl who married an old man for his money, but something in Eugénie imposes restraint, and the consciousness of this increases Margot's dislike.

She stands aside to let the young lady pass on to the *rocher*, and then she slips into the kitchen garden and begins to gather herbs.

## V.

Two hours have passed, and Jacques Rousset grows impatient.

"*Dame!* what can they be doing all this time at Furet's?" He has smoked two pipes, and since then he has taken a nap, and now he stretches himself, yawns, and comes down the steps again to look for his wife and daughter.

In the distance, at the foot of the hill, the ground belonging to the mill is shut in by tall black wooden gates. One of these is opening now. Jacques looks eagerly, but it is only a man who passes through the gate and holds it open.

Jacques shades his eyes with his hand and tries to make out the intruder, and then he claps both hands to his side with a chuckle of exultation.

"Well done, old Furet!" he laughs.



"How well the old fellow bows! Come, it must be a settled thing, or I don't think he would have given them his company home again." Jacques sighs in the midst of his content. "But — but — somehow, I had not thought my little Eugénie would have been won so soon."

But though the *ex-avocat* bows the ladies through the gate he takes his leave of them there, and does not attempt to follow them as they slowly mount the hill.

"He is not coming. Ah! thou art in the wrong, friend Furet." Jacques looks disappointed as the gate closes on his daughter's suitor. "Faint heart never wins; however, if he has won," he said, reflectively, "*tant mieux*."

Madame Rousset quickens her pace as she comes nearer, till at last she runs into her husband's arms and kisses him on both cheeks.

This achievement having left her too breathless for words, she stands smiling and panting, while Jacques pushes by her to meet Eugénie.

At the sight of her face his hopes get a sudden chill. She is so pale, and her eyes have a strange scared look in them.

"What is it, my bird?" he says softly. "Art thou faint, Eugénie?"

"Faint?" Madame Rousset has recovered herself. "She is a little weary with amusement, that is all. I thought we should never get to the end of all the wonders we have seen. Think then, Jacques, of a man who knows all about the Romans, and who has a coin which came out of a pyramid. The Musée at Rouen is nothing to him; he has treasures from every part of the world."

"*Tais-toi, bavarde*," Jacques speaks good-humouredly, but he is puzzled by the sadness in his daughter's face, and he puts her hand under his arm, and helps her up the hill.

No one speaks again till they reach the foot of the steps, then Jacques says, "We had better go in doors to talk; Marie's ears are of the longest."

As soon as they reach the kitchen, Madame Rousset unties her cap-strings, wipes her face with her handkerchief, and prepares to chatter her fill, but she is stopped at the outset.

"*Pardon*, my mother," Eugénie rises up and stands between her parents, looking first at one and then at the other with wistful eyes; "I want to speak first," she says simply, "because I want to spare a disappointment to my father."

"A disappointment? What then?

The girl is a fool" — Madame Rousset begins angrily, her pink face aflame.

"*Veux tu te taire*, Jeanneton?" Jacques is terribly savage, he cannot be angry with his pet, so he vents his wrath on his wife.

Eugénie presses her hands tightly together; she feels very shy, and yet she must follow the impulse which urges on her words.

"My father!" — instinctively she feels her best chance of being understood lies with her father — "this morning it seemed to me possible to marry and live happily with any one, even with a husband so old as Monsieur Furet. And now a great fear has come to me that I might be unhappy, and then you and my mother and Monsieur Furet would all suffer through my fault."

Madame Rousset gets on her feet in her intense eagerness to put in a word, but Jacques points to the door, and then lays his finger on his lips with so much sternness of expression that she subsides quickly.

"Dost thou mean?" — he speaks severely, for the disappointment is heavier than Eugénie guesses at — "that thou wilt not marry our neighbour?"

Eugénie's head droops, and she goes on with the thoughts that have been pressing on her ever since she rejoined her mother in Monsieur's Furet's garden.

As they left his house she remarked Monsieur Furet's transient look of vexation at the non-appearance of Margot. He called for her loudly, but no answer came, and it flashed then on Eugénie that the housekeeper's story might be merely a scarecrow invented by the wily woman to shield herself from the intrusion of a mistress. But her own feeling of dread when she first entered the house weighs heavily, and also the sudden light which Margot's story has thrown on such a marriage as hers would be with Monsieur Furet. Eugénie is hasty sometimes, but never weak. She raises her head and looks frankly into her father's vexed eyes.

"My father, I see now that if I say 'Yes' at once I am only marrying Monsieur Furet for his money," Jacques winces and looks at his dusty shoes. "You have both" — she looks round at her mother; madame sits swaying herself from side to side on her hard wooden chair, tapping her mouth impatiently with one stumpy finger — "always been very kind and indulgent to me, more than I deserve, and I believe you

will not hurry me now. This evening I will go down to church for *le salut*, and after service I will ask our Blessed Lady to tell me what I am to do, and what answer you are to give to Monsieur Furet."

Madame opens her mouth and her eyes, but she is too devout to protest.

Jacques smiles; he looks appeased, but he shakes his head.

"How art thou to know when thou gettest thine answer, my child?" he says sceptically. "We cannot expect Monsieur Furet to wait hat in hand for thy decision."

Eugénie holds her forehead to be kissed. "I always ask for all I want at the altar," she says, "and I shall not be deceived now."

She goes and kisses her mother, and then she leaves them together.

#### VI.

EUGENIE wakes with a start and looks round with frightened eyes.

Yes, there are the whitewashed walls of her own bedroom, and there is the window just opposite her little bed, and through this the sun is shining and the sky looks bright and blue.

"Has it been all a dream?" says the girl sleepily, and she rubs her eyes hard. "When I waked before it was night, and since then all this has happened, and they say a morning dream always happens truly."

She dresses herself, and then she looks out. It must be very early, for not even Martin the cowherd is stirring. There is a soft mist on the river which runs at the foot of the hill. The cocks are crowing loudly, but everything else is asleep. Eugénie sits down on her bed, and thinks over her dream. Her cheeks are dyed with warm blushes, a new sensation, a new life, stirs in her heart. She loves. Yes, it must be love, this ardent longing to see the stranger in reality who has been speaking to her so sweetly as she slept. Ah! how plainly she sees his face now as she closes her eyes again and calls up the whole scene!

She is out of doors, where, she does not picture, for all her sight is concentrated on her companion. He is tall, and his face is dark, but the large hat he wears shadows it; he is quite unlike any one she has ever seen; he looks more like an inhabitant of a city than a countryman, and his speech is like music; there is no Norman harshness in it. She feels the stranger's arm steal

softly round her waist, and his eyes seem to stir every pulse in her body.

Eugénie could sit all day dreaming out her dream; it frightens her, and yet there is a delight mingled with her fear; but a stir in the house below rouses her; she goes again to the window and looks out.

She sees the grey spire, and with this comes a sudden thought of the garden it overlooks, and of Monsieur Furet. Eugénie turns away with sick loathing, and then she remembers her prayer last night at the altar.

"I prayed to be shown what was right to do, for it seemed like self-will to disobey; and now I know—oh! I know what to do. I must not marry that old man."

For she feels in that glimpse of vision love how impossible it would be to marry without it, and her repulsion for Monsieur Furet tells her also it never can come for him. She goes down-stairs, and she sees her father coming in to breakfast.

"*Tiens!* thou art late, my little one. Why, thy cheeks are red as a rose, my Eugénie!"

And indeed Eugénie has grown crimson. The dream, which in her own room was so real and vivid, seems to dwindle into childishness at the sight of her father, but she resolves to speak.

"Father, do not be angry, but I cannot marry Monsieur Furet. I prayed last night to our Lady for help and guidance. I went on praying, father, till the sacristan came to lock the church; and this morning my answer has come. I cannot marry a man unless I love him, and I feel I could never love Monsieur Furet."

The shrinking dislike in her face is more powerful than her words. Jacques sighs, remonstrates a little, and finally gives in; and when an hour afterwards he finds his wife in full tide of reproach, he imposes silence angrily, and tells her that Eugénie is to be let alone, and that he shall give Monsieur Furet his *congé*.

#### VII.

A YEAR has passed away, and has brought changes with it. Twice since his first refusal by Eugénie Monsieur Furet has again proposed himself as her husband, and each time Eugénie has been conscious that the refusal she perseveres in giving irritates her mother and disappoints her father's hopes. Madame had a severe fall down the ladder-staircase

about six months ago, and since that time she has been a somewhat restless prisoner, so that Jacques takes her place on this bright autumn afternoon, and goes with Eugénie to the fête at La Mailley.

It is a gay scene. From Caudebec itself, from Vatteville and Villequier, and all the neighbouring villages, the prettiest girls and the most likely-looking youths have assembled. The elders sit on long benches under the shade of the elm-trees, but the young folks are waltzing away on the green close by to the music of a fiddle, two cornets, and a flute.

The couples seem all well matched except Eugénie and her partner. She has fallen to the lot of Monsieur Alphonse Poiret, the rich jeweller of Caudebec; and although he has a handsome Jewish face, and is gorgeous in a scarlet scarf, with a pin in which shines a real diamond, yet he cannot dance; he only flounders like a playful elephant, while Eugénie flits round him like a fairy. But she does not look quite happy. It is not pleasant to have so poor a partner, when she has the reputation of being the best dancer in Villequier, and Caudebec besides, nor is it pleasant to see Rosine Leroux sniggering with Victor Delpierre every time she whirls past; and now, as she stands panting for breath, and longing to be rid of her awkward partner, she hears Françoise, the baker's daughter, say to Jules Barrière, "Do you see Beauty and the Beast? I would rather sit still all day than make such an exhibition of myself."

Françoise smiles while she speaks, but the biting sarcasm in her tone brings tears into Eugénie's eyes.

"I am tired, monsieur," she says to Alphonse Poiret. "If you will excuse me I will sit down and rest."

"Pardon, mademoiselle. There is a chair close by the bench under the trees."

The voice seems to come from just behind her and its tone thrills through Eugénie strangely. Where has she heard that musical utterance? She looks round quickly, but she can only see the plump person of Madame Haulard with her tall gawky daughter on her arm.

"Leaving off dancing already, Eugénie?" Madame Haulard's voice has always a slight accent of reproach in it when she addresses young people. "I thought you never gave in."

Eugénie feels ready to cry. She bows to the gorgeous jeweller, and goes to look for her father. She draws a deep sigh of

relief when at last she reaches a vacant chair near the bench on which the miller sits smoking.

"Mademoiselle sighs; and yet dancing makes the heart gay, is it not so?"

This time Eugénie looks up at once, and then her eyes fall again and a deep blush spreads over her face. A tall man stands beside her. His face is dark, and is shadowed by a broad felt hat; but there can be no mistake in his likeness to the stranger of her dream. It is he himself—the idol she has secretly worshipped since her vigil before the altar.

"I—I am a little out of breath," she stammers; and then she plays with her bonnet-strings. She is terribly agitated. She longs to look up again, but she has no courage; she feels that the stranger's dark eyes are fixed on her face.

"That is not to be wondered at," he says. How the sweet soft music of his voice steals into her soul! "Mademoiselle has been sacrificed to an incapable partner. A good partner is the soul of dancing."

After that there comes silence. Jacques rouses after a bit and looks round for Eugénie. Seeing her so near he goes and fetches her a glass of *sirop*, and then scanning her companion with his alert half-closed Norman eyes, he says,

"Pardon, monsieur is apparently a stranger?"

"Yes, monsieur; I am from Paris, and my name is Hyppolite Laborde—at your service;" and then the two men take off their hats and bow as only Frenchmen can bow in similar circumstances. "I am a writer, monsieur, and I have come into your charming country for fresh air and fresh ideas. I am enchanted with Caudebec and with its people, and I shall be sorry to leave it. I have been wishing to dance"—he looks as innocently as possible into the face of the miller—divining that he is the father of Eugénie—"but there is no chance for me; all the young people seem old friends, and a new-comer is left in the lurch."

The miller laughs.

"Do you say so. It is the first time I ever knew a Parisian modest. Why, friend, 'The gods help those who help themselves.' Here is my daughter Eugénie, without a partner—though how she comes to be sitting down I don't understand. Art thou tired, little one?"

Eugénie's heart throbs with delight, but still she wishes the stranger to ask her himself.

"I am afraid I must not dance," she says calmly. "I told Monsieur Poiret I was tired, and it is the same waltz."

"But monsieur is dancing again," the stranger speaks eagerly. "Now that I have the permission of monsieur her father I wait but till mademoiselle has reposed herself to have the honour of claiming her hand."

Is she dreaming again, or is this reality? and has the life that she has passed through since that delicious vision been the dream? she asks herself as she is wafted round blissfully on the stranger's arm. Eugénie only knows that she could waltz on forever, and then at each pause in the dance, as she stands with her partner a little apart from the rest, and listens to the words so like those she listened to in her dream — words which gradually grow more and more full of fervent meaning — it seems to her life has been empty till now, and that the joy of this afternoon is too intense to last.

Presently they are standing still near her father again, and she hears him ask her partner if he is staying at La Maille-raye.

"I am not staying anywhere, monsieur. I reached Caudebec yesterday, heard of the *fête* here to-day, and came over in mere idleness."

"Then you must come and see my mill to-morrow" — Jacques slaps him on the shoulder — "and our *château*. We at Villequier are visited by all travellers. There is no such mill" — he says this in a low voice — "in the north of France."

#### VIII.

It is two months since the *fête* at La Maille-raye. The little village of Villequier is all astir, and a crowd of idlers is waiting round the church porch.

Outside the crowd, just beyond Monsieur Furet's garden gate, stands Margot, looking eager and restless. Her black eyes glitter with a fierce triumphant light. She is safe; for at this moment Eugénie is being wedded to Monsieur Hyppolite Laborde, and there is no fear that she will ever reign over the *ménage* of Monsieur Furet.

"Little vain fool! She believed the tale I told, and so she gave up my poor besotted master. He'll hanker after her, though, to the day of his death. See him now!"

She shrugs her shoulders in disdain, and shelters herself behind a huge countryman, who is hanging on the skirts of the crowd.

Monsieur Furet has just come out of church. He is the first of the bridal party who has appeared in the porch; most of the others are busy signing names in the vestry.

Monsieur Furet is smiling, and he holds a large bouquet in his hand.

There is a buzz of voices, and the children cry "*Là voilà!*" and out comes Eugénie, veiled from head to foot and leaning on her husband's arm.

He is looking so fondly at the blushing face under the veil that he does not see Monsieur Furet; but the *ex-avocat* places himself in Eugénie's path.

"Madame," he says, with much dignity, "I wish you all happiness. Monsieur" — he looks at Hyppolite — "you have a wife who is wise as well as lovely — yes, wiser than heads much older than her own."

He bows and stands aside to let them pass, offering the bouquet gallantly to Eugénie.

"There is no fool like an old fool," says Margot. "Peste! I should not wonder if he leaves her his money, after all!"

From Nature.

#### THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

NONE of the subjects discussed at the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast were of greater practical importance than the one introduced to the notice of the Economic Section by Mrs. Grey in her paper on the Science of Education, and supplemented by the address afterwards delivered by her at a meeting held under the auspices of the National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes. So much nonsense is talked and written on the theme of the higher education of women, the utterances even of some of those who are looked on as authorities on the question are too often so *doctrinaire* and unpractical on one side or the other, that it is a relief to read the well-considered and thoughtful reflections of one who has bestowed much labour and serious thought upon it, and who has given evidence that she is wedded to no preconceived views. The crowded attendance at the Section when Mrs. Grey's paper and the two which followed it — also by ladies — were read, and the lengthened and animated discussion to which they gave rise, sufficiently evince the wide interest felt in

the subject by those who attended the meetings of the Association.

The branch which specially concerns us is the extent to which instruction in some or all of the various branches of science should enter into the liberal education of women; and this again is but a phase of the more general question as to the mode in which, if at all, the education of girls should differ from that of boys. We may set aside on the present occasion as a subject of too great importance to be discussed in a general article like this, the much-vexed question of the medical education of women. With regard to the difference which has been established by general custom or prejudice between the ordinary curriculum of the studies of boys and girls, Miss Davies has pointed out with great force, in one of her essays on the higher education of women, what appears at first sight some glaring inconsistencies and absurdities. To boys who are destined for a mercantile life or a public career an intimate acquaintance with French and German is now almost indispensable; Latin and Greek are therefore almost universally taught in boy's schools, while the modern languages are considered an essential part of the course of study of a girl, to whom they will be of much less service. A fair knowledge of the elements of physics and chemistry would be of immense advantage to a woman in the management of a household; but these are subjects considered by many to be decidedly unfeminine. Music is the most inexhaustible and harmless recreation for the mind overtasked with the burden of daily cares; but music hardly comes within the scope of a boy's education, at least in this country; while it is almost compulsory on girls, whether they have the talent for it or not, and who have at all events abundant other occupation, such as needle-work, for their leisure moments. The earliest years of a child's life are almost entirely regulated, for good or for evil, by the mother and her female dependents; but any knowledge of human physiology or hygiene has been till recently almost forbidden to the girl on the score of delicacy. May we not sum up by saying that few men have the leisure, after they arrive at manhood, for pursuing the studies of their youth; while an enormous number of women of the upper and middle classes would be most thankful for a rational substitute for the purposeless vacuity in which they are at present

forced to spend a large portion of their time? And yet in the face of this it is still the orthodox creed that the education which any English gentleman gets or can get at a public school or university is too broad or too deep for the mass of women of the same class.

An almost ludicrous instance of the difficulty which is experienced practically in the attempt to frame a curriculum of studies which shall be specially adapted for girls, was brought out in the recent debate in the Convocation of the University of London on the desirableness of admitting women to degrees. When the existing General Examination for women was instituted, a Committee of the Senate was appointed to draw up a scheme which should meet all the requirements of the case. After long deliberation, the extent to which it was found possible to deviate from the ordinary matriculation examination was this: Greek was made optional; and girls were allowed to take Botany if they wished instead of Chemistry, and Italian if they preferred it instead of German; they were also exempted from all the books of Euclid except the first, if they took Geography instead! The first of these indulgences is now extended to boys; and the other differences are so trivial that we are glad to see that another Committee of the Senate has already recommended that the examination be altogether assimilated to that for matriculation. When this is done, it may possibly occur to the Senate that there will be no object in keeping up a distinction of name between the two; and how will it then be possible to refuse to women examinations which shall be equivalent to those that admit men to degrees, at least in the Faculties of Arts, Science, and Laws? We do not propose here to discuss the expediency of nominally permitting women to take degrees in our universities; but there is one aspect of the question which has hardly been sufficiently considered by those who oppose the innovation. A university degree is the acknowledged hall-mark of a certain standard of education for men who make teaching their profession. A very large number of women are equally dependent on teaching as a means of livelihood; notwithstanding the many additional facilities given them of late years for acquiring knowledge, they have at present no equivalent test of their qualifications; and as long as this is the case the really competent governess or schoolmistress will always



be subject to unequal competition from her incompetent sisters, and the rising generation of both boys and girls will be the sufferers.

The vision that frightens many from looking with candid and impartial mind at the problem of the higher education of women is the fear that the educated woman will be lifted out of what we are pleased to term her sphere, and rendered unfit for what man considers to be her duties. But the admirers of the uneducated woman may take comfort in the assurance given them by Prof. Fawcett at the Brighton meeting of the British Association, that whatever facilities are offered for improving their minds, there will still be left for many years an ample supply of those who prefer to remain ignorant and uncultured to satisfy all demands. In the noble address delivered by Prof. Huxley at Belfast, he insisted, with all the force of his calm eloquence, on the folly of making a bugbear of logical consequences; and in no science is there more need for this exhortation than in that of education. Mrs. Grey well put it that no education is worthy of the name that does not at least aim at a right training of the three departments of the mind—the reasoning faculties to determine the right from the wrong, the emotional to follow the right when found, and the imaginative to conceive the perfect ideal of all goodness. In determining a course of education, whether for boys or girls, when we have once satisfied ourselves that our principles are sound, let us unhesitatingly follow them out, letting the possible consequences take care of themselves; and we may feel sure that the conclusion to which we shall be led will stand the test of experience.

The point which we think should be most prominently brought forward by the advocates of a reform in female education is not so much the desirableness of turning its future current in any one direction, as the necessity for removing all trammels and barriers raised by man's ignorance or prejudice. On this ground we sympathize most heartily in all the efforts now being made to widen the basis of the education of women, whether in the way of special colleges, university examinations, or courses of lectures involving severe study. Let us first of all—divesting ourselves of all preconceived theories on the subject, whether social, metaphysical, or physiological—give free scope to the faculties of woman be-

fore we begin to dogmatize on the extent to which these faculties will bear cultivation. Natural Selection will point out the occupations in which the female mind will excel; and the Survival of the Fittest will determine the professions in which woman can successfully compete with man. And every one who believes that faculties were originally endowed or gradually evolved for the purpose of being used, and powers for the sake of being exercised, must rejoice at every fresh extension of the field in which they may be employed.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
ITALIAN POLITICS.

ITALIAN party questions have generally but little interest for English readers. The probable entry of Signor Sella, however, into the Minghetti Cabinet—in other terms, the reconciliation of the two great factions of the Liberal party—is so likely to prove a momentous, if not the most momentous, political event in Italy since the completion of the kingdom in 1870, that it is well worth while to inquire into its causes and consequences. Indeed, this combination, when it comes into existence, will deeply affect the whole foreign as well as financial, clerical as well as administrative, policy of the kingdom, and give a new life to the parliamentary institutions which were fast losing their former prestige in this country.

Ever since Cavour's death the ruling party of Italy, which calls itself the Moderate Liberal, has been divided into two great fractions, which of course used to vote together in the hour of danger, particularly when any victory of the minority or Radical party was to be apprehended, but which in the meantime incessantly opposed each other, though not openly. Personal and local antipathies and interests certainly lay at the bottom of this antagonism; but a difference of views and principles must need lend its colouring to motive in the eyes of the public. The so-called Consorteria (which, however, was never a formal association, as the name would imply)—consisting mainly of Tuscan politicians, but, counting also Neapolitans, such as Spaventa and Ronghi, Piedmontese, like La Marmora and Boncompagni, Romagnoli, like Minghetti—were apt to follow Cavour's traditions more by the letter than seemed

good and advisable to that portion of the Liberal party which had its principal representatives in men of the Piedmontese middle class, such as Lanza, Sella, and Rattazzi; which latter abandoned the party altogether at the end of 1867 and put himself at the head of the Radical minority, only too happy to find any one of really practical capacity to lead them. The close alliance with France, absolute commercial liberty, and a free Church in a free State, were the three cardinal points of the Consorteria creed: three principles which Cavour had indeed very strongly recommended, but two of which this supple and versatile statesman would surely have modified under different circumstances. The leaders of the Consorteria clung to them, perhaps too closely, and repudiated any means of obtaining possession of Venetia first, of Rome afterwards, without the consent and connivance of France. This, of course, made them excessively unpopular with all hot-blooded and impatient patriots, who vehemently resented all French interference and patronage, and thought France had been sufficiently paid for her services by the cession of Savoy and Nice. Events proving stronger than theories, Italy entered Rome without asking the permission of France — nay, by taking advantage of her very misfortunes. It is true that at that epoch the ex-Consorteria was only represented by one member of the Cabinet, Signor Visconti-Venosta, and he was converted and led away by his less timorous colleague Signor Sella.

Once in Rome, the ecclesiastical question, as well as the immediate settlement of the capital in the newly conquered city, became the new apple of discord between the two contending fractions of the great Liberal party; and this time the ex-Consorteria had the best of it, at least as far as Church policy was concerned, and so the law of papal guarantees was voted. Since then (1871) there had been no longer any decent pretext for the more Conservative fraction of the Liberal party to withhold its support from the Lanza-Sella Ministry, which had replaced the pure Consorteria Cabinet, Menabrea-Digny, at the end of 1869. Still they could not make up their minds to forget former differences, and maintained an undercurrent of warfare against Sella, who had become more and more the leading man of the Cabinet and of the advanced fraction of the Liberal party to which he belonged. The greater the

successes he achieved by a firm hand, manfully backing the unpopular tax-gatherers and exacting the enormous arrears of unpaid taxes, the more ardently they seemed to hate him, and they finally succeeded in overthrowing him by an alliance with the Radical minority late in June, 1873. He had held office for nearly four years continuously, the longest duration as yet of an Italian Administration. The question which caused his retreat was quite a subordinate one, and there seemed no doubt that the only object of Signor Minghetti and his friends in voting with the Opposition had been to get into office now that the only possible Opposition Minister was no more — Signor Rattazzi having died shortly before. There was no difference on matters of principle whatever; for several of Signor Sella's colleagues remained with the new Ministers, while Signor Minghetti, who took the financial department as well as the presidency of the Council, appropriated to himself almost all the measures proposed by his predecessor. Scarcely had the House met in November last, when the old latent warfare began again, with the difference that the besieged of yesterday were the assailants of to-day.

The consequences of this state of things were serious and manifold. The parliamentary majority was untrustworthy; the Ministers in office were ever obliged to negotiate with the dissenting fraction; they never received spontaneous support, and were always afraid lest their friends should join their enemies. No consistency was possible in any branch of the public administration; still less could there be question of a general system and plan. Finances, army organization, public works, public instruction, foreign policy, all were conducted by fits and starts, and Italy has now enjoyed the benefits of this policy of expedients for fourteen years. In fact, owing to it, nothing or next to nothing has as yet been settled with regard to the great services of the State. Small authority in the House, none at all the country, very little in Europe; such were the results for the Government of this disunion in the camp of the numerous and powerful Liberal party. The defeat of the Ministry on the 25th of May last was but the final crisis of this protracted diseased state. This time an alternative became inevitable — either the majority must abandon Government to the Opposition or it must come to an understanding

within itself. The general elections were decided upon, and offers made to Signor Sella to accept a seat in the Cabinet — nay, that very portfolio which had been taken from him last year. Signor Sella seems to have declared himself ready to assume the responsibility, but under one condition, viz., that all the organs of the hitherto opposed fractions of the Liberal party should formally and explicitly invite him to do so, in order that they might be unable to recommence hostilities afterwards. This the principal men, as well as the principal newspapers of the fractions, have done, and it is now more than probable that the general election will take place under a Minghetti-Sella Ministry.

There is little doubt that the reconciliation is sincere as far as sincerity can go in politics. There never was any strong personal antagonism between Signor Minghetti and Signor Sella. The principal points of dissension are settled, or at least discarded. Neither Rome nor the ecclesiastical policy, nor the question of the banks, nor foreign policy will for some time to come trouble their good understanding. In Rome they are, and there they must remain, willingly or unwillingly. The recent law has decided against the liberty of the banks as well as against monopoly, and, although Signor Sella disapproves it, he is too practical a man to demand its revocation. As for the policy toward the Church and France, events have done much towards convincing Signor Minghetti and his friend Signor Visconti-Venosta that Sella had the clearer sight. The ecclesiastical legislation is now a *fait accompli*, and will certainly not be revoked; but there is a hope that, after the complete failure of all efforts towards a reconciliation with the Holy See, this legislation will be interpreted in the firmer and more dignified sense recommended by Signor Sella. The identity of the interests of the new German Empire and the kingdom of Italy has also become more evident from day to day, and the French have themselves done so much to estrange their warmest and stanchest Italian friends, that it will require little effort on the part of Signor Sella to decide his colleagues in favour of a franker alliance with Germany. The influence and authority of the Consorteria, though greatly diminished, is still most respectable; their sacrifices and the sufferings they have undergone in behalf of their country in the times of its misfortunes, their services during and

immediately after 1859, their talents, their knowledge, and their integrity, their family connections and their wealth, will always ensure to them a well-deserved influence, even where their opinions are no longer generally approved. On the other side Signor Sella contributes the greatest personal authority an Italian statesman has enjoyed since Count Cavour. Whatever may be the drawbacks of his financial policy, he is the only man till now who has achieved real palpable results with regard to the diminution of the deficit; above all, he has shown strength of will, the only thing which awes Italians, because it is the only thing they are utterly wanting in. Both success and energy have procured to Signor Sella a place in the political world of this country which elsewhere is perhaps reserved to more important men than he is; and personal charm does the rest. Be this, however, as it may, the immediate result of the *connubio* Sella-Minghetti would be — as was the case with the *connubio* Cavour-Rattazzi twenty years ago on the other side of the House — a reconstitution, after thirteen eventful years, of a united majority. Now a compact Liberal majority means a revival of the somewhat depreciated parliamentary life and an elevation of parliamentary authority, a more consistent financial and general policy, more confidence in governing and governed, and, as the consequence of all this, better credit on the European markets and more influence with the European Cabinets.

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From Tinsley's Magazine.

#### A MODERN DEAD LANGUAGE.

AMONG the freaks of nature, which belong to the domain of history, none is more curious than the dying-out of a language. We have only recently begun to estimate the value of linguistic studies aright in questions of ethnography. Mythology and languages have in recent years supplied many missing links and opened up undreamed-of connections between nations. It is sufficient to cite the similarity between Sanscrit and Greek as evidencing the migration from east to west of that great pre-historic nation which gave their tongue to Etruria and Greece. This propagation of speech we can well understand, and also estimate its value as an evidence of nationality; and we can also understand how a

language like the Latin gradually forms the basis of modern languages such as the Italian, French, Spanish, or Portuguese. This is not the death, but simply the development of a speech. In fact, it would be very difficult to prove that either Latin or Greek is, properly speaking, a dead language. Latin lives in the modern languages of Europe; Greek survives in Romain. Xenophon would be able to read quite easily Professor Holloway's advertisement in the newspaper published in Athens under the name of *Hellas*. But languages do occasionally, like individuals, die a sudden death; and this seems to have been very much the case with the old Provençal tongue, which, formed from the fusion of rustic Latin with the languages of the barbarians who invaded the empire, seemed to have come into existence simply for the purpose of enabling the troubadours to compose their love-songs and then to have died with them.

It would be quite beside our present purpose to discuss the question whether, as some scholars hold, the Provençal language was a transition dialect between the ancient Latin and the modern French, Italian, and Spanish — being, according to this theory, the common stock out of which they were all formed — or simply one of the languages thus elaborated. It is enough for us to know, that from the ninth century, when Latin, properly so called, became a dead language, there did exist for several centuries a speech extending from the district covered by the Latin name *Provincia* into the north of Spain and Italy, and forming the vehicle by which the professors of the gay science conveyed their ideas. Setting aside the more antiquarian portion of the subject, it may be interesting to notice some features of that language as it existed during the golden age of troubadour literature. It is usual to assign a period of a little over two hundred years to the prevalence of that literature, namely, from 1090 to 1290, and to subdivide it into (1) one of genesis or development, when the popular minstrelsy gradually became dignified into artistic poetry, from 1090 to 1140; (2) the golden, Elizabethan, or Augustan age, from 1140 to 1250; and (3) the period of decline, from 1250 to 1290. This is, broadly speaking, the space intervening between William of Poitiers and Giraud Riguer. M. Fauriel carries on the date another century farther, making two

great epochs, one extending from the second half of the eighth century to 1080, during which the Provençal language was being formed from the Latin; the other covering all the periods above mentioned and extending a century beyond, when the Provençal language not only ceased to be represented by a living writer, but had itself grown quite out of use — was in fact what we have called it, a modern dead language.

Now it seems quite possible that a generation which interests itself in cuneiform characters, and gathers admiringly around the Rosetta Stone in the British Museum, may care to know something about the characteristics of that language in which the troubadours wrote their lays. M. Raynouard, in his exhaustive work, the *Choix des Poesies originales des Troubadours*, gives a list of no less than three hundred and fifty who wrote in this language. Considering the extremely attractive nature of most of the subjects dealt with by these masters of the gay science, it is scarcely too much to expect that many persons will be prepared to face even the difficulties of a dead language in order to disinter the gems now buried beneath its surface. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in his *Essay on the Romance Languages*, says pertinently: "The importance and interest of the philological problem . . . are much increased by the fact that it lies entirely within the historical period; and that not only the original and the derivative languages, but also the circumstances attending the transition, are known by authentic evidence and by unbroken tradition. It is therefore a problem which admits of solution by demonstrative arguments, and without a recourse to a series of hypotheses and conjectures, weakening as the chain lengthens."

The case before us is simply this: from the parent stock of the ancient Latin were produced at the dismemberment of the empire several daughter languages, most of which flourished and became in turn mothers of families. One died young and left no issue, but bequeathed a literature which makes a study of her peculiarities well worth the time and thought it demands.

Supposing, then, that in these days of varied studies, some student should see fit to "go in" for troubadour poetry, the following is the language in which he would find his subject couched. The lines are the very first quoted in M. Ray

nouard's Appendix to the Summary of *Grammaire Roman*, in the first volume of his *Lexique Roman* :

Mais voil que sia castellana,  
E qu'ieu la veia la semana  
O'l mes o l'an una vegada,  
Que si fos reina coronada,  
Per tal que non la vis jamais.

This, it may be premised, is what a school-boy would term an "easy bit," and translates into French as follows :

"J'aime mieux qu'elle soit châtelaine, pourvu que je la voie une fois la semaine ou le mois ou l'an, que si elle était reine couronnée de telle sorte que je ne la visse jamais."

Or, on the approved "crib" principle so much favoured by young students :

*Mais voil*, I would rather, *que sia*, that she should be, *castellana*, a housekeeper, *e*, and, *qu'ieu*, that I, *la veia*, might see her, *una vegada*, once, *la semana*, a week, *o'l mes*, or a month, *o l'an*, or a year, *que*, than, *si fos*, if she should be, *reina coronada*, a crowned queen, *per tal que*, so that, *non la vis jamais*, I should never see her.

Taking this piece as typical, it is quite evident that, while a moderate knowledge of French and Latin would give the general sense of the passage, some little knowledge of the structure of the language is still necessary to open up altogether the mine of lyric wealth comprehended within it. Such knowledge could not be conveyed in a very few words, but a few examples may be cited to show that no insuperable difficulties overlie the study.

The following, for instance, is the definite article, sufficiently like the Latin *ille* and the various modifications of it in modern languages to prevent any difficulty on that score :

<i>Singular.</i>	
MASCULINE.	FEMININE.
El, lo.	Ill, la.
De lo, del.	De la.
A lo, al, el.	A la.
<i>Plural.</i>	
MASCULINE.	FEMININE.
Ill, li, els, los.	Las.
De li, de los, dels, des.	De las.
A li, a los, als, as.	A las.

With regard to nouns, it may be said that, after the German invasion, Latin became as innocent of cases as an English school-boy in his earliest attempts at "prose composition." A deed of sale of the date 720 A.D. opens in the following wild manner: "*In nomine Domini Dei nostris Jesum Christi*," &c. The fact

was, Latin was becoming an analytic instead of a synthetic language, marking its cases with the help of prepositions instead of by changes of termination, just as it formed its tenses by the help of auxiliary verbs. Dismissing the word *case*, then, and premising that the Provençal nouns are principally derived from oblique cases of the corresponding Latin ones, it may be said summarily that, in the singular, *s* final joined to masculine or feminine substantives ending otherwise than in *a* showed that they were used as subjects; the absence of the *s*, that they were governed. In the plural, *vice versa*, the subjects received no *s*, but this letter was added to the governed words. Feminine nouns in *a*, subjects or objects, took no *s* final in the singular, but always in the plural. It would of course be impossible to go into details of quasi declension in a short space; but when once the principle of the derivation of Provençal nouns from Latin is mastered, the vocabulary will expand and the position of the noun in the sentence present no difficulty. There were only the two genders, masculine and feminine.

In adjectives, the degrees of comparison were formed almost as in French, the comparative taking *plus*, the superlative prefixing the article: *bels* (*bellus*) beautiful, *plus bels*, *el plus bels*. The comparative was followed by *que*.

The personal pronouns were :

	<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
1st.		
Subj.	Eu, ieu, me, mi.	Nos.
Obj.	Me, mi.	
2nd.		
Subj.	Tu.	Vos.
Obj.	Tu, te, ti.	
	MASCULINE.	
3rd.		
Subj.	Il, el.	Il, els.
Obj.	Il, el, lo, li, lui.	Il, los, li, lor.
	FEMININE.	
Subj.	Ella, il, lei, leis.	Ellas.
Obj.	La, lei, leis.	Las.

The numerals perhaps show as clearly as any part of the grammar the connection of the Provençal language with its predecessor and successors. The first ten are as follows :

Cardinals: *uns*, or *us*, *dui*, *trei*, *quatre*, *cing*, *sex* or *sei*, *set*, *och* or *ot*, *nov*, *deze* or *dex*. Ordinals: *premiers*, *segons*, *ters*, *quarts*, *quints*, *seizens*, *setens*, *ochens*, *novens*, *dezens*.

There were three auxiliary verbs in Provençal—*aver* from *habere*, *esser* from *esse*, and *estar* from *stare*. The verbs



were divided into three conjugations, distinguished by the ending of the infinitive, the first ending in *ar*, the second in *er* or *re*, and the third in *ir* or *ire*. The following are the conjugations of the three auxiliary verbs, the indicative mood, viz.

## AUXILIARY VERBS.

<i>Infm.</i>	Esser.	Estar.	Aver.
<i>Pres. Part.</i>	Essens.	Estans.	Avens.
<i>Past Part.</i>		Estatz.	Agutz.
<i>Gerund.</i>	Essen.	Estan.	Aven.

## INDICATIVE MOOD.

*Present.*

Son, soi, sui.	Esta, an.	Ai.
Est, iest.	Estas.	As.
Es.	Esta, ai.	A.
Sem, em.	Estam.	Avem.
Etz.	Estatz.	Avetz.
Sun, son.	Estan, on.	An.

*Imperfect.*

Eva.	Estava.	Ai.
Evas.	Estavas.	As.
Eva, er.	Estava.	A.
Evam.	Estavam.	Avem.
Evatz.	Estavatz.	Avetz.
Evan, evon.	Estavan, -avon.	An.

*Perfect.*

Fui.	Estei.	Aiqui, ail.
Fust.	Estest.	Aquist, aquest.
Fo, fon.	Estet.	Aquet, ac.
Fom.	Estem.	Aquem.
Fotz.	Estetz.	Aquetz.
Foren, foron.	Estevem, estevon.	Aqueven, aquevon.

*Future.*

Serai.	Estarai.	Aurai.
Seras.	Estaras.	Auras.
Sera.	Estara.	Aura.
Serem.	Estarem.	Aurem.
Serez.	Estaretz.	Auretz.
Seran.	Estaran.	Auran.

Of the undeclinable parts of speech, adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, it may be sufficient to say that their connection with the Latin is close and easily traced. In the first, we find the origin of the French adverbial termination *ment* to be due to the fact that the Provençal combined the Latin adjective with the ablative of the noun *mens*; so they said, instead of the classic form *durè, durà mente*, *durament*, which afterwards became *durement*. *Magis*, as we have seen in the extract quoted above, became *mais*. So we had the conjunction *si* from the Latin *sic*. The preposition *ante* became

*ant* or *anz*; extra, *estra*; post, *pos, pois, pus, pueis, &c.*

We have here in faint outline the sketch of a language which it will be evident may be mastered in a short time, so far at least as to enable us to gather the sense of the troubadour poetry; while a moderate amount of reading with free use of the dictionary would soon open up even its niceties. The sixth volume of M. Raynouard's *Lexique Roman* supplies all that is necessary in this respect.

We have not, as in the case of one of the spoken romance languages, the gigantic difficulty of pronunciation to contend with. We only want to read. We want to disentomb from beneath this modern dead language the mine of wealth which would otherwise be accessible only through the medium of modern French. A tithe of the trouble, then, required for a spoken language would enable a golden-haired girl-graduate to acquire all that was necessary, in order to enjoy the erotic effusions of the masters of the gay science.

Possibly even the slight sketch which it has been possible to give, and especially a knowledge of the connection between Provençal and Latin on the one hand, and modern romance languages on the other, may cause a second extract from the same poem as that quoted above to wear something less of a foreign aspect. Elis proposes dinner to Flamenca, who answers joyously:

Non; hai pron manjat e begut,  
Cant mon amic ai hui tengut  
Entre mos bras, bella Elis.  
E cuias ti qu'en Paradis  
Aia hom talent de manjar? . . .  
De neguna ren non ai fam,  
Mas de vezer celui cui am.

Which, being interpreted, is:

"Non; j'ai assez mangé et bu, belle Elis, quand j'ai aujourd'hui tenu mon ami entre mes bras. Penses-tu donc qu'en Paradis on ait envie de manger? . . . Je n'ai faim d'aucune chose que de voir celui que j'aime."

Surely a very appropriate quotation to conclude a notice of what was *par excellence* the language of love!

FROM a report of the English Secretary of Legation at Yeddo, it appears that a law was passed in 1872 by which it was announced that Japan was to be divided into seven educational districts. Each of the inspectors appointed for these districts had the supervision of from twenty to thirty schools, which are respectively classed under the heads of military, high, and elementary schools. Since the

promulgation of this law 1,799 private schools and 3,630 public educational institutions have been opened, in which 338,463 boys and 109,637 girls receive instruction. Besides these, 30,000 students attend classes for higher branches of education, and consequently about 480,000, or nearly one-sixtieth of the entire population, are receiving instruction under the new system.